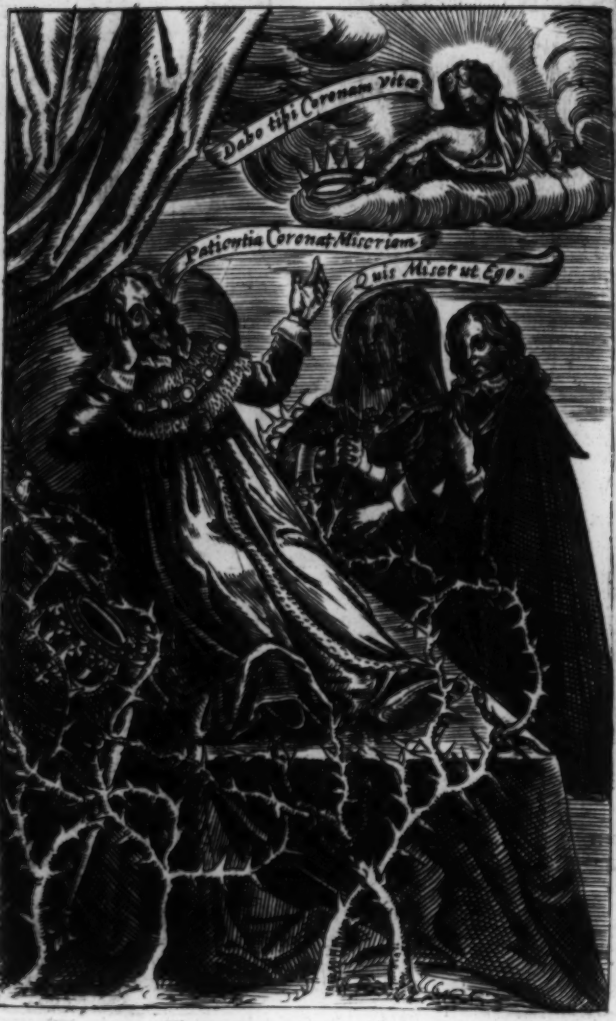
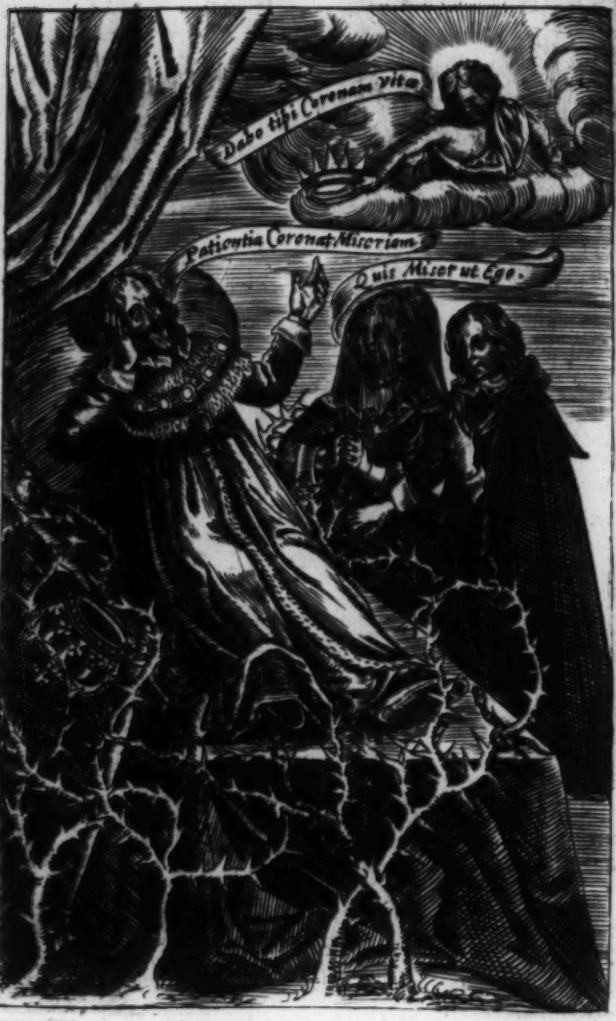

Dabo tibi Coronam Vitæ
Patientia Coronat Misericors
Quis Miserebitur Ego.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Regale Lectum Miſeriæ:

OR,

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In which is contained,

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WITH

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AND

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WITH

A curſe againſt the Enemies of Peace, and the Authors Farewell to England.

By JOHN QUARLES.

Printed for *Edw: Crowch*, 1649.

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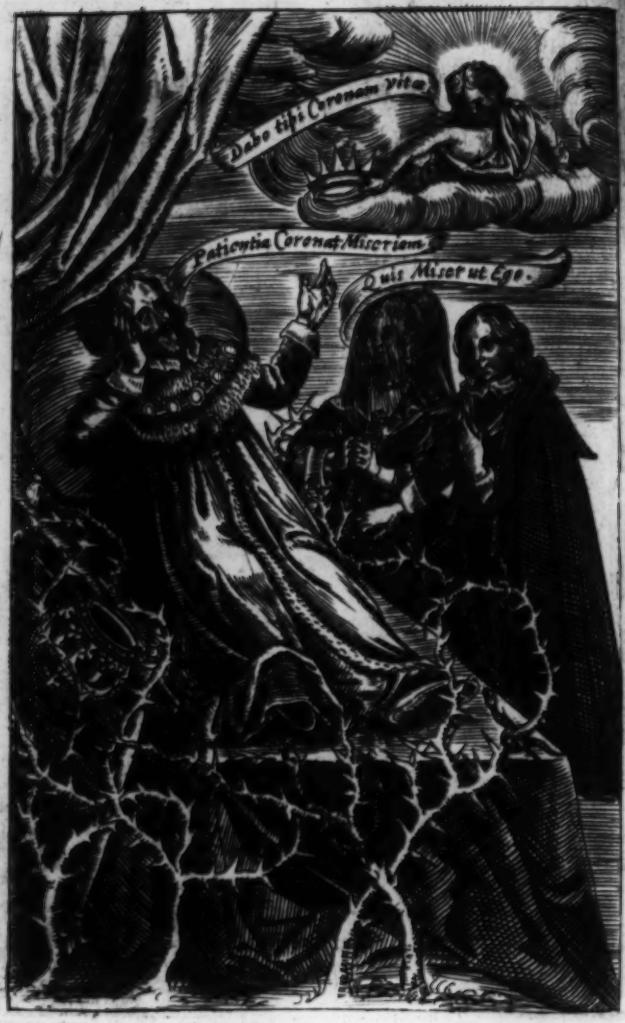
Ædes Christi
in Academiâ Oxoniensi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To that Patroneſſe of Vertue,
and moſt Illuſtrions Princeſſe,

ELIZABETH,

The ſorrowfull Daughter to our late
Martyr'd Soveraigne, CHARLS,
King of *England*, &c.

Moſt Vertuous Princeſſe:

AS this ſubject, which my zealous preſumption preſents to your ſerious view, is a compound of joy and griefe; ſo I hope it wil furniſh your Royall breaſt, as well with the raptures of joy, as the principles

of ſorrow. Madam, I am confident that I may, without adulation ſay, that your Royall Fathers death, gave a life to Vertue. And as we have a ſufficient cauſe to deplore the abſence of his Perſon, ſo we have an undenyable reaſon to rejoyce for the preſence of his perfections, which will build everlaſting Pyramids in the hearts of thoſe, which were his loyall Subjects. Madam, although Heaven hath been pleaſed to diminiſh your joyes

in

in this miſerable Kingdome, yet no queſtion but he will hereafter multiply your pleaſures in his own. In the mean time, may the Glories of heaven, and the Meditations of your incomparable Fathers unparallel'd vertues, keep a conſtant correſpondencie with your Royall heart; as it is the unfained prayers of him, who dedicates himſelfe to your Highneſſes perfections, and is

MADAM,

A ſworn Servant to your vertues,

JO: QUARLES.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

I Have not much to ſay in my own defence for the weak performance of this work, which I confeſſe was hammer'd out of a diſturbed minde; therefore if there be any thing in it contray to thy diſpoſition, I ſhall deſire thee to moderate thy paſſion, and pardon my imbecility; for it is generally known that errours in grief, are incident to all: as for the errours of the Preſſe, I ſuppoſe them pardonable, in reſpect that it hath received many interruptions, and haſte, joyn'd with feare, are conductours to miſtakes: Now Reader, my occaſions beyond Sea adviſe me to bid thee adieu; the worſt that I can expect to ſuffer abroad, is but the extremities of Warre; and the beſt that I can expect at home

home: is but the worſt of miſeries, if therefore there be a neceſsity of ſuffering, I conceive it to be the beſt of ſufferings to ſuffer with the beſt of ſufferers, whoſe faithfull Subject I am, and thy Servant, Reader, (if thou art Loyall)

JOHN QUARLES.

A Dreame.

Morpheus (thou Turn-key to all humane ſenſe)
Unlock my braine, that I may flie from hence,
Out of this Cage of ſleep, let me not lie
And drowne my ſenſes in ſtupidity.
My thoughts ſurpriſe my thoughts, I cannot reſt,
I have a *Civill Warre* within my breſt;
I'me full of thoughts: what uncontroled ſtreams
Flow from the fancies Ocean? Oh! what dreams
Have ſail'd into my ſtory mind? And bring
No other burthen with them but a *King*,
A *King*! could I but kiſſe that word, and not be
An *Idolizer*; 'tis too great a fault (thought

To kiſſe his *hand.* Nor can I think it ſtrange.
For *times*,& *mãners*,needs muſt have their change.
Tis true, I dream'd methoughts my watchful eyes
Obſerv'd a *King*, and than a *ſacrifice*;
And raviſh'd with that *majeſty* and *grace*
I ſaw united in his modeſt *face.*
I ran to kiſſe his *hand*, but with a fall
I wak'd, and loſt both *King*, and *kiſſe*, and *all.*
And thus reſtored to my former ſenſe,
I thus proceeded in my thoughts; from whence
Ariſe theſe fancies, what? did *fancy* meane
To cauſe a ſudden fall to intervene
Between a kiſſe and me? 'twas an abuſe
That runs beyond the limits of excuſe.
I was enrag'd to think that I ſhould miſſe
(Being ſo near his hand) ſo ſweet a kiſſe.
I check'd my *fancy*; which was too preciſe
To make me run ſo faſt, yet loſe the prize.
Thoughts, follow thoughts, and when the firſt is ſpent
A ſecond riſes, which does oft prevent
An inconvenient action, many time
A ſecond thought gaines *virtue* by a *crime.*

The

The firſt being baniſh'd, *reaſon* thought it good
To place a ſecond, where the firſt thought ſtood,
And then I found my active *fancy* play'd
The *Politician*, and that thought allay'd
The former flames of paſſion in my breſt,
Then was I pleas'd with what my thoughts expreſt,
Which was to this effect———

Methoughts I ſaw
A grieved *King*, whoſe very looks were *Law*.
He ſigh'd as if his tender heart had taken
A farewell of his body, and forſaken
This lower world, his ſtar-like eyes were fixt
Upon the face of *Heav'n*, his hands conmixt.
His *tongue* was parſimonious, yet my eare
(That was attentive) could not prevaile to heare
This whiſp'ring eccho: Oh be pleas'd t'incline
Thy ſacred eares! *Was ever grief life mine?*
Was ever heart ſo ſad? was ever any
So deſtitute of *joy*, that had ſo many
As I have had? though all be ſnacth'd from me,
Yet let me have an intereſt in thee.

Oh Heaven! and there he ſtop'd, as if his breath
Had ſtept aſide to entertaine a death.
My ſoul was raviſh'd, and the private dart
Of new-bred love, ſtruck pity to my heart,
I could not hold, but ſilently bequeath
Some drops unto the ground, my ſoule did cleave
Unto his lips, for every word he ſpoke
Was ponderous, and would have eaſily broke
Th' obdureſt heart; I turn'd away my eye,
And ſuddenly methoughts I did eſpie
A *ſacrifice*; which when I did behold,
My bloud recoiled, and my heart grew cold:
I was tranſported, and methoughts the place
Whereon I ſtood, ſeem'd bloudy for a ſpace:
I trembling, caſt my wearied eyes about,
Thinking to finde my former object out,
But he was gone; and in his roome was plac'd
A many-headed *monſter*, that diſgrac'd
The very place: they vaniſh'd, then appear'd
A large-pretending rout, as weſl be-ear'd
As *Balam's Aſſe*, methoughts they did excell
The *Aſſe* in *eares*, but could not ſpeak ſo well.

Me-

Methoughts they call'd *a Counſell* to contrive
Their high deſignes, and zealouſly diſſuade
Some great *Offenders* that they thought too wiſe
To live amongſt ſuch *eares*, ſuch caſt-up *eyes*.
" *One* I obſerv'd amongſt the ſtudious *race*
" That had (methoughts) a *bone-fire* in his face:
" Another I diſcry'd amongſt the *pack*
" That ſeem'd to bear a *Kingdome* on his *back*:
" Another I beheld which pleas'd me beſt,
" That could not rule *himſelf*, yet rul'd the *reſt*:
" Another I eſpy'd which ſeem'd to look
" And read, but at the wrong end of his *book*:
" Another I obſerv'd, which ſeem'd to weep,
" And in concluſion, pray'd himſelf *a ſleep*:
" Another I diſcry'd, among theſe *Brothers*,
" That vow'd 'twas right, becauſe he'd pleaſe the
" Another he ſtood up, and wiſely broke (*others*:
" His long-kept-ſilent lips, and thus beſpoke.
Come! let's no longer now be kept in awe,
I'me ſure our welfare is the *Supreme Law*;
A *King*, that's nothing but a power that is
Subordinate; the Lawes are *ours*, not *His*;

Is't not the *People* makes a *King*? well, then
If we let him be *King*, we're *fools*, not *Men*:
For now we have him in his own made *ſnare*,
We'l keep him faſt, oh that we had His *haire*!
Come, let's proceed, and if our plots hit right
You ſhall be *Lords* at leaſt, and I, *a Knight*.
And let *Malignants* prate, their Purſes ſhall
Pay tribute for their *tongues* at *Gold-ſmiths-hall*:
And if *they* grumble at what *we* ſhall doe,
We'l make them pay their *lives* and *money* too;
The day is ours, let's not abuſe that powre (ſowre
Which *Heav'n* hath lent us; for ſweet things prove
If not made uſe of, have we not been poore
And others rich? Come, let's increaſe our ſtore:
Had we but our deſerts, might we not crave
The priviledge of all that *others* have?
All's ours, and yet our miſeries are ſuch
That we are rich in *little*, poor in *much*;
Alas! our tender hearts are fill'd *with* pity
To ſee ſo many blind in one poor *City*;
If they would pleaſe in a true zealous faſhion
To moderate their long-continued *paſſion*,

'Twould

'Twould much rejoice the *Saints*, & we will pray
That they may live untill a wiſer day;
The'are very *pious People*, and we could
Both live, and die together, if they would
But furniſh our deſires with every thing
We want, and dote not too much on *a King*;
He's but a *man* at moſt, and yet *they* muſt
Adore His *Perſon*, though He be *unjuſt*.
I could not chuſe but laugh the other day,
I 'ſpy'd a *Cavalier* that cloſely lay
Perdue to kiſſe his *hand*, and by and by
He ſtarts away, and when he was as nigh
(That which they call a *King*) as his own length
His *legs* (not having that ſufficient ſtrength
His *haſt* requir'd) receiv'd a ſudden fall
And overturn'd *himſelfe*, his *King*, and *all*:
The ſight much pleas'd me, being very near,
I never help'd the *King*, nor a *Cavalier*:
I ſoone retreated from that happy place,
And left them both in a diſtracted caſe;
But as I went, I was ſo bleſt to meet
An upright *Siſter*, whoſe dividing *feet*

Stept

Stept with ſuch innocency, that my heart
Did almoſt leap upon *her* to impart
My new-bred joy ; her very looks betray'd
Her heart, indeed ſhe was a lovely Maid ;
I bow'd my ſelf, and zealouſly imbrac'd
The ſmall circumf'rence of her bending waſte,
I kiſs'd her mouth, and having done that duty,
My lips divided, and I prais'd her beauty ;
Extreams of joy did almoſt make me faint :
I thought, oh ! *here's a Siſter for a Saint :*
I was amaz'd, my very ſoule did move
Between the great extreams of *feare*, and *love* ;
She ſmil'd upon me, and that very ſmile
Prov'd a *Reſtorative*, and for a while
I mus'd ; at laſt my lips began to break
As that ſmile had licenc'd them to ſpeak;
Oh! then my *mouth* being ram'd with *Words*, let flie
Both *wit*, and *language*, and did ſoare as nigh
As our *Remonſtrance*, oh ! how I did heat
Her eares with my diſcourſe, it was ſo neat
As if my ready *mouth* had been the *Schoole*
Of *language*, yet ſhe pleas'd to call *me Foole* ;

But

But 'twas in jeſt I'm ſure, or were it not
'Tis nothing, ſince my goodneſſe has forgot
My *Siſters* weakneſſe, and indeed we *men*
Muſt bear with *Siſters* failings, *now*, and *then*;
They often trip in *zeal*, and ſometimes take
A fall, and love it for the *Giver's* ſake:
Our greateſt faults they'l pardon for a buſs,
Come, we muſt bear with *them*, they bear with *us*;
But after ſhe had call'd me *fool*, ſhe checkt
Her ſelf; I wiſely own'd it with neglect,
I ſpread my *cloake* upon the ground, and there
We cool'd our *paſſions* in the open aire:
Siſter, ſaid I, you have been pleas'd to ſpend
The name of *Foole* upon your faithfull *friend*,
It was my *Worth* you raſhly did eclips,
And I'le have ſatisfaction from thoſe *lips*
That gave th' affront, let me no longer ſtay,
My fury will admit of no delay.
Dear *Brother*, ſhe reply'd, if it be ſo
You muſt have ſatisfaction, *tak't below*;
You ſoare too high at firſt, I muſt deteſt
Your lofty *play*, the middle *way* is beſt;

But

But if you are reſolv'd, you ſhall not ſay
I'm obſtinate; for if you *will*, you *may*:
I ſoone return'd her thanks, and with my hand
I pull'd her cloſe, and made her underſtand
What I had ſeen: but oh how ſhe was pleas'd!
Ah verily (ſaid ſhe) the news has eas'd
My longing *heart*. But when the *King* fell downe
Thou wert unwiſe thou hadſt not ſnatch'd His (*Crowne*.
'Tis rarely ſpoken *Siſter*, had I had
The *Crown*, I ſhould have made a gallant *Lad*;
Should I but ſway the Scepter of this Land,
I'd make my *Subjects* die at my command;
I'd lop the *great ones* off, and make the *low*
Subordinate to *me*, I'd make them know
The *reines* were mine; but at the firſt I'de ſteale
Into their hearts, and fool them with my *zeal*.
I would declare unto the world, and take
An Oath, I acted for *Religions* ſake:
I'd fill them full of *noveltie*s, and then
Siſter thou knowſt the common ſort of *Men*
(Like flies) will buz about my new-made light;
I'd call them *Babes of grace*, and make them fight

With

With *Cerberus* himſelf in my defence,
My *Soule* now tells me, 'tis a rare *pretence*:
I'd hire ſome baubling *Preachers* to infuſe
Diviſion; and to flatter them with *newes*.
I'd plump their *ſoules* with *promiſes*, that they
Should never faile to *ſwear*, what ſhould I *ſay*;
I'd make my *Preachers* urge them all to joyne
And fight for God; then will their *Plate* be mine:
This is an *art* that lies above the reach
Of every *braine*: I'd ſuffer all to *Preach*
And ſow *ſedition*, every one ſhould be
At leaſt a *Saint* and preach upon a Tree:
And if my great occaſions ſhould require
Large ſummes of *money*, then would I inſpire
A *Publique faith*; and if it would not riſe
That way, I'd make the bellows of *Exciſe*
To puffe it up; this is a cleanly way
To ſweep up money, *Souldiers muſt have pay*.
Siſter, thou know'ſt 'tis no *diſgracing ſtealth*
To make *Religion* rob the *Common-Wealth*:
What though *Malignants* raile at our deſignes,
We can extract our livings from their *fines*:

I've

I've ſpoke enough, now *Siſter* I'le divorce
My nimble tongue from this *profound diſcourſe*:
Now give me leave to dedicate my heart
To thee (my Patroneſſe) before I part.
Brother, alas! I am a harmleſſe maid,
And we you know are eaſily betrai'd
By mens deluſion: If your love be true,
The zeal of my affections light on you;
You know we ought to love, and none can be
More honeſt in their harmleſſe loves than we,
For we may love each other in the ſpirit,
And pray, and preach together, and inherit
Our owne deſires, whilſt others ſend their cries
To their beloveds, and yet looſe the prize.
Siſter, thou haſt exactly ſatisfy'd
My large deſires: may happineſſe bety'd
The thriving *ſpirit*, truly 'tis a paine
To part, but that I hope to meet againe:
London, (that neſt of worth) that *yeilding place*,
I am reſolv'd to view, within the ſpace
Of forty howres, where I intend to ſpare
Some time, and ſee ſome *Brethren* I have there,

It

It is a goodly place, as *fame* relates,
For there the *Siſters* live, and all the *States*;
Truly, th'are very godly, and pretend
Juſt like *our ſelves*, to be a faithfull friend
To *King*, and *Monarchie*, when as Alas----
And then I wak'd, and let the other paſſe
Unutter'd, but indeed I doe confeſſe
I wiſh that I had heard a great deale leſſe,
And yet (to ſpeak the truth) I was perplext
Becauſe I could not hear what followed next.
This was a midnights dreame, I was in paine
Till night had lull'd me in her armes againe,
And for the ſpace of half a tedious howre
I was diſturb'd, till ſleep had gain'd ſome power
Over my ſlumb'ring ſenſes, but at laſt
Call'd to the bar of ſleep, I there was caſt:
I had not long in peacefull pleaſure ſlumber'd,
Before an interpoſing dreame incumber'd
My quiet fancy, ſuddenly my eare
Was fill'd with ſuch a noiſe, as none could heare
Without much fear, as if th'incurved back
Of burth'ned *Atlas* had begun to crack.

Me-

Methoughts I ſaw the *Heav'ns* how they begun
(As if th'ad ſcorn'd the glory of the Sun)
To frowne upon the earth, which ſeem'd to flame
Like ſulpherous *Etna* from whoſe bowels came
Whole Regiments of *Spirits* which diſturb'd
The aire, whoſe fury hated to be curb'd;
Methoughts they were ambitious to expell
Some *Potentate*, and make his ſeat, their Hell:
Methoughts at laſt (I ſlumb'ring) ſeem'd to heare
A ſingle voice that whiſper'd in my eare,
Yet thund'red in my heart, which made me grone
At every word; expreſt in ſuch a tone
Which would with great facility have turn'd
A Tyrants heart, or elſe conſum'd and burn'd
His breaſt to aſhes, and if language could
Move pity in a flinty-ſoule, this would,
He bolted forth his griefs, like claps of thunder,
As if each word ſhould cleave a heart in ſunder;
His voice being guarded with a pleaſing force,
I ſacrific'd my eares to his diſcourſe;
Methoughts my ſoule, my very eares were bleſt
In giving audience, *whilſt he thus expreſt.*

Oh

Oh Heaven! oh Earth! how can they chuſe but
To ſee them make *a foot-ball* of a *Crown*? (frown
How long ſhall I be made an aym'd at mark
Of pointed *envie*? ſhall *they* make *me* dark
That I made light? and ſhall that *light* devoure
The former principle? Unhappy howre
When my abuſed willingneſſe was made
A Stalk-horſe unto thoſe, who have bet'rayd
An Iſland unto tyranny; whoſe *Lawes*
Oppreſſe true *Subjects*, and make *me the Cauſe*:
Malitious *age*, and will their *fury* have
My end, untill it ſend *me* to my grave?
A grave moſt peacefull *Place*, for I'm ſure
There's no *Rebellion*; there I'le reſt ſecure
Where neither grief, nor care, ſhall date torment
My ſublime ſoule, there, there lies true content.
There there's the death of ſorrow, and the life
Of Peace, and there's a period to all ſtrife. (trie
There's none can mock my woes, there's none can
A King, nor make a Garriſon, but I.
And what I ſpake, my ſoule proteſts is true,
I am no ſlave to death, but unto you

My

My ſoul's my Gods, and Tyrants doe your worſt:
Job's ſoul was free, when's body was accurſt.
But you *bloud-thirſty Zelots*, learn to know
You never can riſe *high*, if I fall *low*.
I fear no *threats*, let torments all conjoyne
Themſelves, at laſt ye'l find them *yours*, not *mine*.
What though I ſuffer here, my *ſufferings* ſhall
Advance my *ſoul*; *May they not make you fall?*
Let out my *life*, goe make a ſtreaming *floud*,
And bath your *ſelves* in my diffuſed *bloud*.
Let looſe your *furies*, give your *paſſions* breath,
And let them biat my *body* unto *death*.
I am reſolv'd, my heart ſhall flie above
The reach of fear, and view the God of love;
Conſider well, what glory can accrew
From my deſtruction, to ſuch ſoules as you;
Be not too raſh, but know a *cauſe* that's dy'd
In guiltleſſe *bloud* cannot be juſtify'd,
A proſperous *vice* ſhall never claime a right
To perpetuity, 'twill but in-right
A totall *ruine*, 'tis a greater *Fame*
To die with *virtue*, than to live with *ſhame*:

Ye

You ſeek for *truth*, and yet you goe the way
To make the field of *truth* a *Golgotha*;
There is a great *antipathy* betweene
Faction, and *Peace*, and yet my eyes have ſeen
How you (whoſe reſtleſſe ſpirits, ſtill increaſe
With *Faction*) ſeem to ſtudy for a *Peace*;
Doe not miſtake, for they that will compoſe
A difference, muſt never doe't by blowes.
The worſt of Apprehenſions may deſcrie
You nouriſh *Spiders*, and deſtroy the *Flie*.
Who glories in a *crime*, will in concluſion
Receive a *curſe*, and with that curſe *confuſion*:
I long to be reſolv'd, pray tell me why
Ye thinke ye cannot *live*, except I die?
Your thoughts are vain, 'twill be a *tainted breath*
That has it's derivation from my *death*.
Am I a *Baſiliske*? and can my eyes
Devoure you? for you know my body lies
Subject to be deſtroy'd, not to deſtroy
(By taking up of Arms) your *Kingly* joy:
But you ſuppoſe, If I ſhould long ſurvive,
I would become laborious, and contrive

Some now deſignes, & with my numerous *force*
Divert the ſtreame of your *unlawfull courſes*;
Make *reaſon* your Companions, walke a while,
Conſult together, ſtride not o're the *ſtile*
When as the *gap* lies open, they're unwiſe
That will (when they foreſee a harme) deſpi
Preventing meanes; for if you take this *life*
From my enjoyment, ye'l beget a *ſtrife*
That will not end, and when that *ſtrife* is bred
Then will my *wrongs* ſurvive, though I am *dea*
And you that caus'd my *guiltleſſe heart* to bleed
Will find *another* to revenge the deed;
Aske Heaven's forgiveneſſe, for ye cannot cra
Leave to abſcond your *crimes* within my Grav
Be well aſſur'd, that ev'ry drop which parts
Out of my *veins*, ſhall cleave unto your hearts
Like tangling *bird-lime* which will hold you fa
And *vengance* too, ſhall find you out at laſt,
Heav'ns all-ſurveying *eye* muſt needs obſerve
Your late unpoliſh'd actions, which deſerve
As many torments as th'inraged hand
Of *veng'ance* can impoſe, or *Heav'n* command:

D

Did I not labour with a ſerious breſt
During the *Treaty*, to reſtore ſome reſt
To this diſtemper'd *Kingdome*; but the gales
Of *Malice*, were oppugnant to my ſailes;
My heart was loaded with the large encreaſe
Of hopeful thoughts, my ſoul was fill'd with *peace*
But at the laſt my hopes prov'd uſeleſſe droſſe,
And then I loſt a *Crowne*, and found a *Croſſe*;
Heav'n heare my wiſh, oh grant I may cõmence
A *Doctor*, in the art of *Patience*!
It matters not how poor my Perſon be,
If at the laſt I may be crown'd with thee,
Thou know'ſt the ſecret corners of my heart
Which is at thy diſpoſing, for thou art
The King of Kings, and unto thee i'le pay
The tribute of my *ſoul*, both night, and day.
I am thy *Subject*, give me grace to ſtand
Firmly obedient to thy juſt *command*.
When for my *ſins* I ſhall receive thy *blowes*,
Oh give me power to *ſuffer*, not *oppoſe*!
Pardon my *Enemies* which have been ſtrong,
And alwayes ſtudious how to doe me wrong:

And though they'ave vented that which is un-
Father forgive, they know not what they doe. (true,
They hate their *King*, & are not pleas'd with any,
O grant, good God, they may not find too *many*!
The chiefest of their *worke*, is to devoure;
(*Stones* have usurpt their *hearts*, as they my *powre*:
Against the sound of *Peace*, their *eares* are barr'd
Oh never sure, was *Pharaohs* heart so hard.
They disrespect their *King*; it was not so
With *Shadrach*, *Meshach* and *Abednego*;
Their tongues have vilifi'd me oftentimes,
These three were never guilty of such Crimes;
Their hearts had vow'd obedience to their *King*,
And never try'd by force of Armes to bring
Their own Designes to passe; but their submission
Sent comfort to their souls, and much contrition
To him, whose more then seven times heated *breast*
Did soon regret what his hot rage exprest.

But well, since thus it is, I'le strive to sway
The Scepter of my *miseries*, and lay
A good foundation, that my *Foes* may build
Their torments on my *breast*, which shall be fill'd
With

With true content, I'le labour to ſupport,
(But yet muſt yeeld, when *death* ſhal ſtorm *the fort*)
I cannot ſtart at *death*, I know it brings
A *finis* to my ancient *griefs*, and ſings
Anthems of *Peace*; how happy's he that can
Flie to his *God*, and ſcorne the rage of *Man*:
Thunder ye *Sons* of *tyranny*, let rage
Flaſh from your ſulphi'rous *ſouls*, ſtrive to ingage
The flames of *Etna* too, and let them daſh
Againſt my *breaſt*; I'le owne them as a flaſh;
Flatter your ſouls, prepare your *hands* to do
A *deed*, that Heav'n will not adviſe you to.
I pitty you, my heart cannot forbeare
To ſigh; and *Nature too*, commands a teare;
Oh that my *head* (like to a Fountaine) could
Furniſh my *eyes* with teares, oh then I would
Begin the *morning*, and conclude the *day* (way;
With *Dropps*, and waſh the black-bro'n'd *night* a-
Oh let my language whet your dull belief,
'Twas you that fill'd my flowing heart with grief,
And now my Torments more and more excell,
Heav'n grant me *breath* enough to bid Farewell.

Farewell, ſad word, that like a bolt of thunder
Hath more then cleft my reaving *heart* in ſunder.
Death is nothing like the *ſorrow* which I finde
Raſing a towre of *woe* within my minde.
Thou *partner* of my *ſoul*, how can I die
And leave thee here to weep a Lullaby
To my indulgent *babes*, how can it be
That I muſt leave ſo dear *a ſpouſe* as thee.
Poor *hearts*, If I muſt goe and leave you all
Confus'd together in the common *hall*
Of this inraged *world*, what will ye doe
But mourne for *me*, as I have mourn'd for you?
Oh where will you retire your ſelves, and ſpend
Your groaning *houres*, oh what regarding *friend*
Will give a minnits *audience*, or relieve
Your pining *wants*, or *moan* to hear you *grieve*?
What Nation will regard, or entertaine
(A royall) though a miſerable traine;
This is a ſorrow that divides my breaſt;
This is a *grief* that cannot be expreſt
Without a fractur'd *heart*, this is a wound
That makes *confuſion* active to *confound*.

Were

Were it a poſſibility to have
Ten thouſand *Lyons* lodg'd within this *Cave*,
(This trunke of mine) they could not more tor-
My heart, then this unbounded *diſcontent*; (ment
Should all the *Tyrants* in the world contrive
A way to make a dying *ſoul* ſurvive
With living *paine*, they never could exceed
The *Tyrants* of theſe *Times* in ſuch a deed;
I have been long impriſon'd; and at laſt
Call'd to the *barr*; how ſoon I may be caſt
Heav'n knows, not I, for *they* that were ſo *bold*
To bring me thither, will, if not controul'd,
Force me to *death*, their very *looks* declare
Their *reſolutions*, whilſt their hearts prepare
To ſuck my *veins*; Ah thus they have betray'd me,
And ſmile to ſee how *glorious* they have made me
They ſwell'd like *mountains*, and at laſt brough
The *Mouſe* of *Reformation*, whoſe worth (forth
Is ſeated in all lofty *braines*, and hurl'd
Through every *corner* of th' inquiring *World*.
But why ſhould I inſiſt upon your *Crimes*.
May *heav'n* forgive you, and ſend better *times*:

I know my *dayes* are ſhort, 'tis therefore meet
To leave this *crowne*, and buy a winding-*ſheet*,
Be gon terreſtiall *pleaſures*, for ye are
But *Goalers* to your *Keepers*, and inſnare
Your fond *beleevers*, goe, my *heart's* no *tombe*
To give you *buriall*, ſeek ſome other *roome*.
Fly then my *ſoul*; but ſtay, what *hand* is this
That ſeems to hold me from my long'd-for *bliſſe*
More ſorrows yet; will not th'*almighty* pleaſe
'Tafford my *ſoul* on earth a minnits eaſe,
Oh thou that mak'ſt my *harveſt* full of paines,
Grant that my working *ſoul* may reap the *gaines*
Grief's grown a *Polititian*, and it keeps
A ſtrong reſerve; what eye is this that weeps
Theſe briny tears into my fluent *heart*,
As if thoſe *floods* ſhould drownd me e're I part
What *voice* is this I ſeem to heare? what tones
Are theſe that laviſh out themſelves in *groanes*?
What ayles my *thoughts*? what neer related breath
Is this that ſeems to breath a ſudden *death*
Into my panting *breaſt*? methinks I heare
A *female voice*, cry, muſt I languiſh here?

Hard.

Hard-hearted *death*, why art thou thus unkinde
To take him hence, and leave me here behinde
To weep his *obſequies*, draw up thy *bow*,
And ſend me whether I deſire to goe. (ſtood,
Shoot, ſhoot, oh *Death*, thou ſhalt not be with-
Come dip thy *arrows* in my crimſon *blood*,
Feare not, let fly, and let thy *rovers* hide
Their twi-fork'd *heads* within my wounded *ſide*:
Oh Heav'n, ſince thou wert pleas'd to joyn our
And *hearts* together, let thy ſtrict cõmands (*hands*
Urge *death* to ſtrike us *both*, that we may fly,
And dedicate our *ſouls* t'eternity;
Alaſſe, what *joy*, what *comfort* can acrew
To me, when *he* ſhall bid this world adue.
I liv'd within his *heart*, but ah, if he
Shall quit this *earth*, what *life* remaines in me.
Alaſſe ſad *heart*, what canſt thou doe but pine;
Never could *grief* be parralel'd with mine;
I am the ſea of *grief*, all ſtreames doe tend
Towards me, for ah my *ſorrows* know no end;
The ſturdy winds of *care*, and *trouble* blowes
Into my *ſoul*, my *Ocean* alwayes flowes

And

And never *ebbes*; oh miſerable *age*;
How am I made a *ſubject* to their rage
Whoſe pare-boyl'd *ſouls* obſerve no other dyet
But *blood*; and ſeem to reſt, in our diſquiet;
You all-exceeding *Tyrants*, if ye thirſt
For royall *blood*, be pleas'd to take mine firſt,
Mines but a *draught*, yee'le quickly ſwill it up,
Alas, it will not yeeld each *ſoul* a ſupp;
You are the *fountains* from whoſe breſt do ſpring
The ſtreames of *murder*, and your *ſouls* can ſing
Nothing but bloody *notes*; you can contract
The body of all *miſchief*, and enact
What pleaſes *you*; But will you ſubjugate
Your legall *King*, whoſe *patience* is your *hate*;
But if you ſeek his fatall overthrow,
Ye'le *murder* more then *thouſands* at *one* blow;
But why doe *I* thus languiſh breath in vain,
On thoſe whoſe *fury* have no ears; refraine
My trembling *tongue*; *Tyrants*; Ile leave you here,
And turn my thoughts to *Charls*, whoſe life's as dear
To me, as *death* is cheap to you; Alaſſe,
My *heart* is full, I cannot let thee paſſe

With-

Without a *ſigh*, nor can my eyes forbeare
To waſh thy *ſad remembrance* with a *teare*;
Has *Heav'n* decreed it? muſt we be devided
Deare *King*; and muſt our ſorrows be derided;
Thou great *Recorder* of my thoughts, to thee
I will reſigne; command, and *I* will be
A ſubject to thy will; Oh let me have
Thy gracious *pardon*, then a ſpeedy *grave*,
For ah, what comfort can my waſting breaſt
Hope to receive, when *I* am diſpoſſeſt
Of ſuch a *Ioy*, alas where ſhall *I* ſeate
My *heart*; *teares* are my *drink*, and *ſighes* my *meate*;
Theſe palled *lippes* of mine ſhall never dare
To owne a *ſmile*; *I'le* live with *grief* and *care*,
Except my *God* will pleaſe to take me hence,
And make his glorious *Kingdome* my defence;
Was it not *grief* enough to be abſented
Five *yeers* from him, whoſe *abſence* was lamented
With reall *dropps*, yet then *I* could obtaine
Some hopes to ſee him in his throne againe.
But harke! methinks my Fancy ſeems to heare
An aire of *comfort* breathing in my *eare*,

It

It is the voice of *Charles*, whose pleasing breath
Seems to advance me from the shades of *death*,
Methinkes I heare his language, which distills
Out from the *Limbicke* of his *soul*, and fills
My pining *heart* with a triumphing joy
His *voice* revives me, but his *words* destroy,
He thus proceeds;——oh thou that are the *vine*
Which twists about this twining *heart* of mine,
Approach my *presence*, and I will declare
How great my *suffrings*, and my *comforts* are:
First I was tost, and banded too, and froe
From place, to place, permitted not to goe
Without a guard, a guard that did pretend
Rather to act a *murder*, then defend:
Then was I hurred to that fatall *place*
Of *London*, where I know I must uncase
My willing *soul*, which shall rejoyce, when they
That are my *Iudges* shall presume to lay
Their accusations on me, and declare
My new-coyn'd *faults*, with their pretended *care*.
And to advance their *plotts*, they first infirr
I am a *Tyrant*, and a *Murderer*,

Nay,

Nay, and a *Traytor* too; If ſo it be
That I'm a *Tyrant*, where's my *Tyrannie*?
Or if a *Murderer*; I here require (fire.
To know whoſe blood it was that queuch'd my
Suppoſe (but Heav'n forbid) it ſhould be true,
It was againſt my *God* I ſinn'd, not *you*.
Oh what an *age* is this, where ſeeming *Reaſon*
Pretends to make me *Traytor*, without *Treaſon*:
Death; come, and welcome, to my *heart*, I know
That my *Redeemer* lives, and that I owe
A debt to *Nature*, which cannot be pay'd
Till theſe condemned *corps* of mine are lay'd;
Now *grief* be gon, and let my *comforts* take
Poſſeſſion of my *ſoul*; awake, awake
My ſlumbring *ſenſes*, I'le tryumph and ſing,
For I have *found*, that Death hath *loſt* her ſting;
My *ſoul* informes me, that I muſt lay downe
This *Mortall*, for a true *immortall*, Crowne,
I'm raviſh'd with *delight*, methinks I have
A *Heav'n* within my boſome, to inſlave
The *Hell* of torments; grief muſt ſtand aloof,
Not daring to approach within my roof;

The

The pleaſures of this *world* doe ſeem to ſhin,
And fly (like miſts) before the morning *Sun*,
They're all but tranſetory; and can lay
No claime to perpetuity, to day
They ſeem like *meſſengers* of Joy; to morrow
They prove ſad *Heraulds*, & proclaime a ſorrow
As for the Joyes of *heav'n*, they farre ſurmount
My ſouls *arethmatick*, I cannot count
Thoſe numerous *delights*, which alwayes be
Attendants to the *ſouls* eternitie:
Thou great *Redeemer*, to whoſe ſacred powre
I now addreſſe my ſelf, my long'd for *houre*
Is almoſt come, ther's but a little blaſe
Remains behinde, and yet methinks my dayes
Seem tedious to my *ſoul*; I long to throw
This *burden* downe, that preſſes me below,
But ſince thy pleaſure muſt be done, not mine
Call when thou pleaſeſt; for my *ſoul* is thine;
I'le not reſiſt thy *hand*, but kiſſe thy *rod*,
I am thy *Creature*, thou my gracious *God*:
Come my indulgent *Ioyes*, and let my breath
Inhabbit in your *eares* before my death,

Thou

Thou *Conſort* of my heart, why doſt thou waſte
Thoſe pearly *dropp's*, why do they make ſuch haſt
To leave the ſweet poſſeſſions of thy *eyes*,
What? wilt thou make a watry *Sacrifice*;
Oh doe not weep, *Heav'n* is not pleas'd to ſee
Thoſe gliding ſtreames, which trickle down for me;
My tender *Babes*, oh why doe you ſtand by
And imitate your *Mothers* ſtormy eye,
Reſtraine thoſe tears; for every drop you ſhed
Falls on my moyſt'ned *heart*, and there hath bred
A brim-fill'd *fountaine*, which at laſt will drownd
My *heart*, and give your *ſelves* the greateſt wound.
Let not, oh let not, your ſad *eyes* exprſſe
So great a *ſorrow*, for my happineſſe;
Cheer up; cheer up deare *ſouls*, & learne to keep
Thoſe tears, or weep, to ſee your *Mother* weep,
Weep not for me, I'm going to receive
A laſting *Crowne*, oh leave (for heav'ns ſake) leave
Thoſe heart-infringing *groans*, why doe ye vex
My *Heav'n*-deſiring *ſoul*, and thus perplex
Your penſive *hearts*, forbeare, and be appeasd,
Be not *diſpleaſed*, with what Heav'n is *pleas'd*;

Oh

Oh how can ye expect that hee'l fulfill
Your large *desires*, if thus you thwart his will;
Come smile upon me, and that smile will give
My *heart* a great incouragement to live,
Death's but a speedy passage from this *life*,
Unto a better, and concludes all strife
Between this World and us, whilst here we draw
Corrupted *aire* we're subject to the *law*
Of *grief* and *care*, which daily circumvents
Discordious *hearts* with griping discontents.
Be not dejected at my *death*, but rather
Rejoyce, to think that *heav'n* will be your *father*,
Comfort your woefull *mother*, that hath been
A carefull *Parent*, and my loyall *Queen*;
Give her that full *Obedience* which is due,
And *Heav'n* will be affectionate to *you*.
Oh let the feare of *God* be alwaes plac'd
Before your eyes; Let *virtue* be imbrac'd;
What ere ye doe, be carefull to reserve
A spotlesse *minde*, which will at last preserve
Your heav'n-bred *souls*, let not your *furies* rage
Into *revenge*, but labour to asswage

The

The flames of *anger*, let them not aſpire
Beyond your reach; *Paſſion's the worſt of fyre*:
Be not too much addicted to the hate
Of *any*, but be wiſely *moderate*;
And when your *hands* begin to undertake
A conſequentiall *worke*, be ſure t' awake
Your ſlumb'ring *reaſons*, labour to adviſe
With *hea'n*, and he will crowne your *enterpriſe*
With full ſucceſſe; and if your *foes* ſhould chance
To gaine the day, permit your thoughts to glance
Upon your private *Crimes*, and learne to know
Th' effect can never abſolutely ſhow
The juſtneſſe of a *cauſe*, for oftentimes
Juſt Heav'n is pleas'd to pardon private *Crimes*
With publique *means*; God knows my *cauſe* was juſt,
An yet he lay'd my *Armies* in the duſt:
Shall I repine becauſe I dayly ſee
My *foes* prevaile, and triumph over me,
No, no I will not, they ſhall *live* to *dye*,
When I ſhall *dye*, to *live*, and glorifie
The *Generall* of Heav'n, within wohſe *Tent*
I hope to reſt, where *Time* will ne're be ſpent.
But now, ah now, theſe *lipps* muſt bid *farewell*.
Methinks I hear (Deaths Orator) the *Bell*

Plead for an *iſſue*, and I muſt not ſtay,
Death comes in haſte, and I muſt poſt away:
Come then my tender *Babes*, & Deareſt *Spouſe*,
(Thou that wert alwayes conſtant to thy *vowes*)
And let theſe ſhort-liv'd *armes* of mine incloſe
You all together, e're I doe repoſe
My earth-defatigated *limbs*; forbeare
To drench my *farewell* in ſo large a *teare*;
My deare *Relations*, if my waſting *glaſſe*
Afford no *ſand*, I muſt be gon; Alaſſe
Teares cannot hold my *ſoul*; and who may have
More priviledge to *take*, then he that *gave*;
My *Iourney's* almoſt ended, and I muſt
Take up an *Inn*, and lodge my ſelf in *duſt*,
Then ſhine upon me with the beams of *mirth*,
That I may ſay, I ſaw a *heav'n* on *earth*,
A pleaſing *ſmile*, or *two*, will make me know
No paine in *death*, but if in *teares* you flow,
Oh then ——

——But know, my *deareſt*, Heav'n will be
A ſtuer *husband* for thee far than *me*.
Thou need'ſt not fear thy *foes* contriving *harmes*
They cannot keep thee from his folding *armes*,

As

As they have done from *mine*; oh may wee meet,
I dare not say, within a *winding-sheet*:
For I am sure those weeping *Babes* will misse
Th' unwelcome *absence* of so great a *blisse*;
But when thy *husband*, heav'n shall please to bring
Thy *soul* into his *Quire*, oh then we'l sing
Prolonged *Anthems*, where we shall combine
Our *soules* together, in a pleasant *close*;
Till then —— oh why, why does thy trembling
Freeze within *mine*? Ah me, why dost thou stand
And gaze upon me? are thy *veins* afray'd
To entertaine thy *blood*? has *grief* betray'd
Thy fainting heart to *death*, wilt thou precede
My resolutions, give me leave to lead
The way to *heav'n*; Alasse, and wilt thou die,
Because I cannot *live*? cast back thine *eye*
Upon thy Royall *Issue*, doe but see
How fast their *sighes* doe sayle in *teares* to thee.
Oh let the sight of them revive thy *heart*,
Cheer up, and give me courage to depart:
For they that dye because another dyes,
Usurpe a Death, and make themselves a prize:
Doe not, oh doe not, thus torment thy *soul*
For my *departure*, if you must condole,

Condole my *stay*, my *soul* desires to be
Dissolv'd (Indulgent God) and rest with thee;
A bed of *Roses*; that's a fading *sweet*,
Oh there's no comfort to a winding *sheet*,
A *Grave's* the best of *Pallaces*; for there
Is neither whining *grief*, nor pining *care*:
Why should we scorne this *earth* that entertains
Our wearied *bones*, and hides us from our *pains*;
Earth is a place of *worth*, yet would I have
Not any dote upon't, but for a *grave*:
Now *death*; march bravely on, and let thy *dart*
Sing as it flies unto my obvious *heart*,
What? art thou daunted? dost thou feare to kill
Because I am a *King*; what? daunted still?
Why dost thou look so *pale*? what, art thou
By *Majesty*: or has thy *self* disarm'd (charm'd
Thy *self*, or else art thou asham'd to doe
So foul a *deed*, or wil't thou not imbrew
Thy *shaft* in Royall *blood*? Come, lay aside
Thy *feare*; and *shoot*, or else my *foes* will *chide*:
But hold a while (nor doe I bid thee stay,
Because my *soul's* desirous of delay)
Once more thou sole-*Commandresse* of my *breast*,
Draw nere, before I fall into my *rest*,

Approach

Approach unto me, let theſe *lipps* of mine
Intaile a *farewell* on thoſe *cheeks* of thine,
Weep not, but let thy tender *knees* ſalute
The *ground* with *mine*, let's labour to confute
Our *ſorrows* with our *prayers*; and recommend
Our *ſouls* to *heav'n*, whoſe *glory* knows no *end*;
Thou *great*, thou *glorious*, thou all-ruling *King*,
Thou *Rocke*, thou *fountaine*, thou eternall *ſpring*
Of *Grace*; we that are cloathed with the *night*
Of *ſin*, preſent our *ſelves* into thy *ſight*,
And with unfained *hearts* devoutly pray
That thou wouldſt ſend thy *Son* to chaſe away
Our ſoul-abſconding *cloudes*, that thou mayſt
A pleaſure to behold us, for his ſake take
We begg this needfull grace, in whom we know
Thou art well pleaſed, and to whom we owe
A debt unpayable, oh therefore let
Thy ſatisfying *mercy* pay our *debt*; (tune
Oh hear our *prayres*, which ſtrong'ly do impor-
Thy gracious *pardon*, though it was our fortune
To be unfortunate, yet let us be
Indulgent *Father*, fortunate with *thee*,
Forgive our youthfull *ſins*, and ſpeak ſome *peace*
Unto our *ſouls*, and as our *ſins* encreaſe,

So let thy *mercy*, more, and more abound,
That having *loſt* our ſinnes, thou may'ſt be found;
Heale our *back-ſlidings*, guide us in thy way,
That ſo our feet may never goe aſtray;
Oh *bleſſe* theſe *bleſſings*, which thy bleſſed *hand*
Beſtow'd upon me, let them fill the Land
With good *examples*, guard them from their *foes*
And ſend them *patience*, when thou ſend'ſt them (*woes*.
Hear *me* for *them*, oh God, & *them* for *me*
And hear our *Saviour* for us *all*, and be
A *father*, and a *husband* to them all,
And let me *riſe* in *mercy* when I *fall*;
Strengthen their *ſoules*, and teach them to renew
Their *patience*, when my *ſoul* ſhall bid adue
To this infatuated *world*, oh let
Their *hearts* ſeclude all *grief*, for 'tis a debt
That muſt be *pay'd*, let thy *exchequer* take
Such ill-coyn'd *treaſure*, as my *ſoul* can make,
Oh grant (dear Father) this my great *requeſt*,
Then take me when thou pleaſeſt to thy *reſt*:
So; now my *Ioyes*, be cheerfull, let's create
A heav'nly *mirth*, and let our *ſorrowes* waite
Upon our *pleaſures*, let our watchfull *eyes*
Obſerve our *makers* great *immunities*.

Let's

Let's first observe how his free *hand* provided
For us, before we were, how he devided
The *water* from the *land*, and made it drie
To entertaine our *feet*, and made the *skie*
To give us *light*, and afterwards, he made
Poor helplesse *Man*, that suddenly betray'd
Himself to *ruine*, and by deviation,
Abus'd the *glory* of his free *Creation*,
But see the bounty of our *God* above,
Who quickly turn'd his *fury* into *love*,
And sent a speedy *balsome* to make sound
The deadly *anguish* of so deep a *wound*;
And shall we be *ungratefull*? shall wee not
Remember *him*, that never yet forgot
To pitty *us*? and shall we waste our *dayes*
In vaine *contentions*, and not give him *prayse*
That gave us his owne *Son*? whose willing *breath*
Redeem'd our *souls* from everlasting *death*.
Alasse how miserable had we been,
Had his spontanious *death* no stept between
Veng'ance, and *us*, and shall we then deny
What he *requirs*, if he command that I
Retire unto *him*, shall my *soul* refuse
To run unto him, and imbrace the *newes*,

Oh no, it must not, hee's accurst that shall
Desire to *stay*, if *heav'n* be pleas'd to call,
Death has no *ears* to hear *complaints*, 'tis vaine
To weep for *that* which *teares* cannot regain:
You my sad *standers* by, when *death* shall send
A *Message* to my *heart*, forbear to spend
Offensive *teares*, but rather *joy*, that I
Am gone before *you* to *Eternity*,
Where now methinks I see you *all*, and heare
The lofty *Seraphims* salute my eare
With heav'n-bred *raptures*, which does even
My *soul* out of my *eares*, I long to goe (woe
And fill my self with *melody*, and sing
Perpetuall *halalaiohs* to my *King*:
So; now my wasting *lampe* begins to blase,
Come *Death*, and put a period to my *dayes*,
Let out my *life*, that I may fly unto
My *God*, and bid this loathed *world* adue:
Adue vaine *pleasures* of unconstant *earth*,
Adue false *loyes*, and world-derived *mirth*:
My dear *Relations*, I must now expresse
A farewell to you *all*, and then adresse
My *self* to *Heav'n*, within whose *Court* I shall
(My soul now tells me) shortly meet you *all*,

Till

Till then enjoy what *heav'n* ſhall pleaſe to give,
And rather ſtudy how to *dye*, then *live*;
Make uſe of *time*, and languiſh not in vaine
Thoſe *houres* which cannot be recall'd againe,
Comfort each other, and if *fortune* frowne,
Smile you at *fortune*, lay your *ſorrows* downe
Before the face of *Heav'n*, and hee'l releeve
Your pining *wants*; oh let your hearts not grieve
For *food*, and *raiment*, labour to be true,
And he that *feeds* the *Ravens*, will feed *you*;
Oh let your morning *thoughts* be ſure to mount
To *heav'ns* high *Altar*, give him an account
Of all your *Actions*, they which every day
Make their accounts to *God*, prepare a way
To goe to *Heav'n*; But *time* will give me leave
T'expreſſe no more, my *ſoul* begins to cleave
Unto a bleſt *eternity*, my *heart*
Declares unto *me*, that I muſt depart;
Time whets his ſithe: oh doe not ring my *Knell*,
With ſighs and ſobbs, farewell, my loves, farewell:
So; now the *Load-ſtone* of this *world* ſhall have
No art t'attract my *ſoul*, I'le not enſlave
My ſelf to *earth*, ſhall tranſitory *toyes*
Surrept my *ſoul* from heavens eternall *joyes*?

Oh

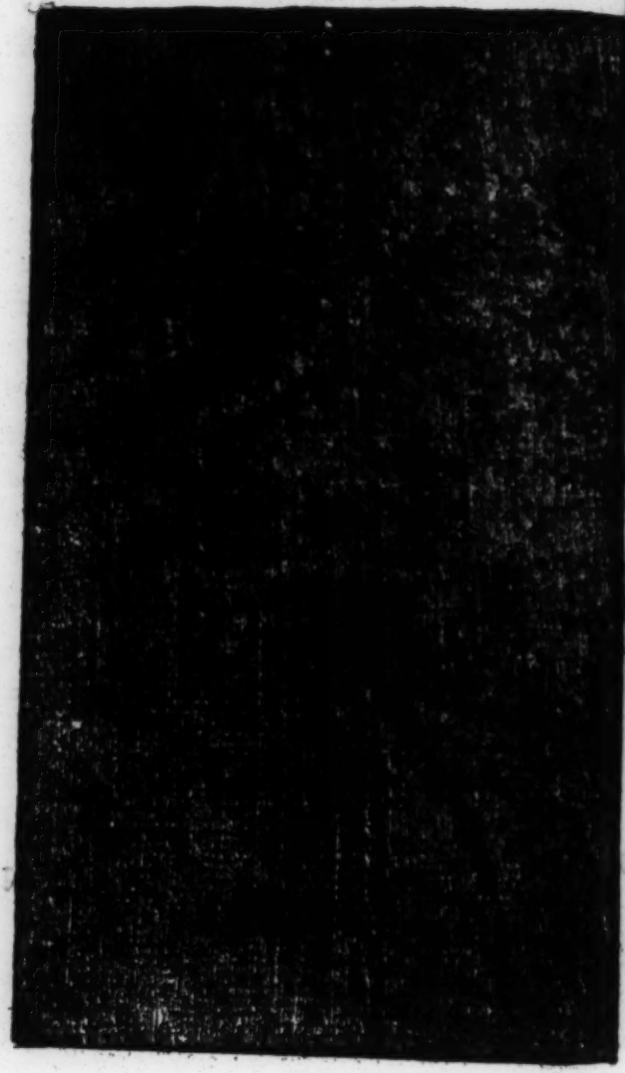
Oh no, they shall not; now I'le dedicate
My *self* to thee (my God) who didst create
Both *soul* & *body*; thou that knowst the thoughts
And *hearts* of *Kings*, and numerates their *faults*,
Pardon what *I* have done amisse to *thee*,
Forgive my *enemies*; Thou know'st I'm free
From what I *suffer* for; thou know'st my *hands*
Are *clear* from *blood*, thou know'st that my *com*
Were not tyranical, thou knowst my breast (*mand*
Was never stain'd with Treason; My request
Oh God is this; That thou would'st make them
(And timely feel) what a most wilful blow (know
Th'ave given to their Consciences; oh turne
Their flaming hearts to thee, which daily burne
Against thy servants, cause them to relent;
And let their griefs induce them to repent,
Be merciful to them, as they were cruell
To me, and mine, oh quench the blazing feuell
Of their desires, give them not their deserts,
But wash my blood from their unfountain'd (hearts;
And as for me, presented to thy eyes
Suppos'd (as an attoning Sacrifice) (triv'd
By them whose scav'n yeers malice have con-
My downfall; when my body is dissliv'd

Receive

ceive my ſoul into thy glorious Tent,
nd mak't a member of thy Parliament;
low farewell world, and dirt-compoſed Crowns
arewell earths ſmiles, & fortunes ſurly frowns.
Farewell to you that thus my life expell,
Oh may my farewell, make you all farewell.

eader; the ſound of *death* hath made me ſtart
Out of my *ſlumbers*, and my wakned *heart*
Trembles within me; Oh what ſhall we doe?
Oh may I never *dreame*, to *dreame* thus true;
But ſince 'tis ſo, (kind Reader) let thy *eye*
Survay the pathes of his ſad *Elegie*,
Laviſh not out your *teares* too faſt, but keep
A ſtrong *reſerve*, your *eyes* muſt *bleed*, or *weep*.
Till then adue, and when I meet thee there,
Reader, aſſure thy ſelf, I'le ſpend a teare.

AN



AN
ELEGY
UPON
That never to be forgotten
CHARLES,
THE FIRST;

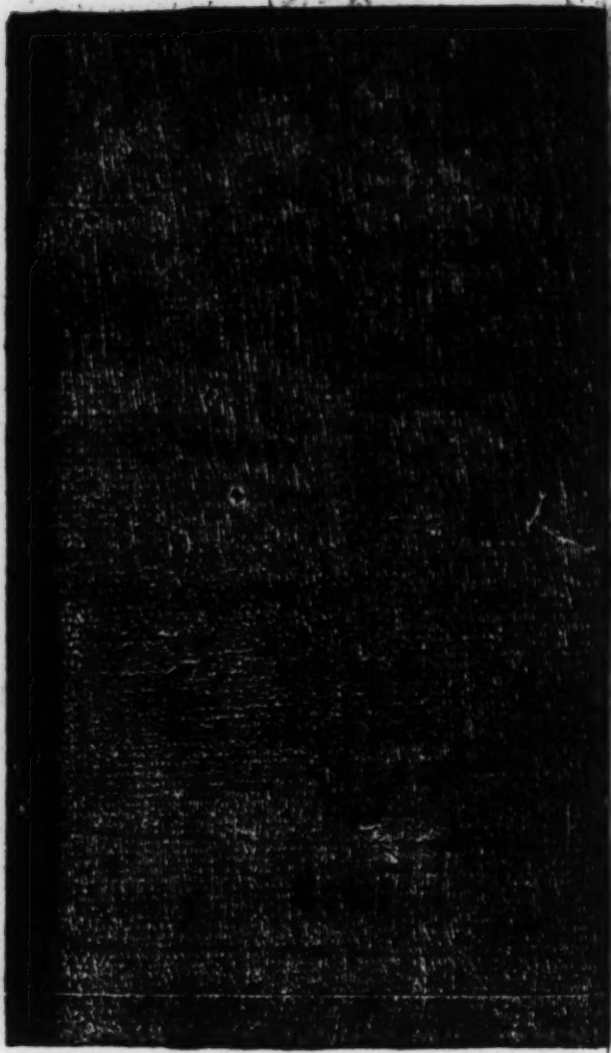
Late (but too soon Martyr'd) *King of* England, Scotland, France *and* Ireland.

Who with unmoved Constancy, lay'd downe
His Life, t'exchange it, for a heav'nly Crowne.

Jan. 30. 1648.

——*In edibus Regum*
Mors venit——

Printed in the Yeer. 1648.



Domine, non hæc, tamen

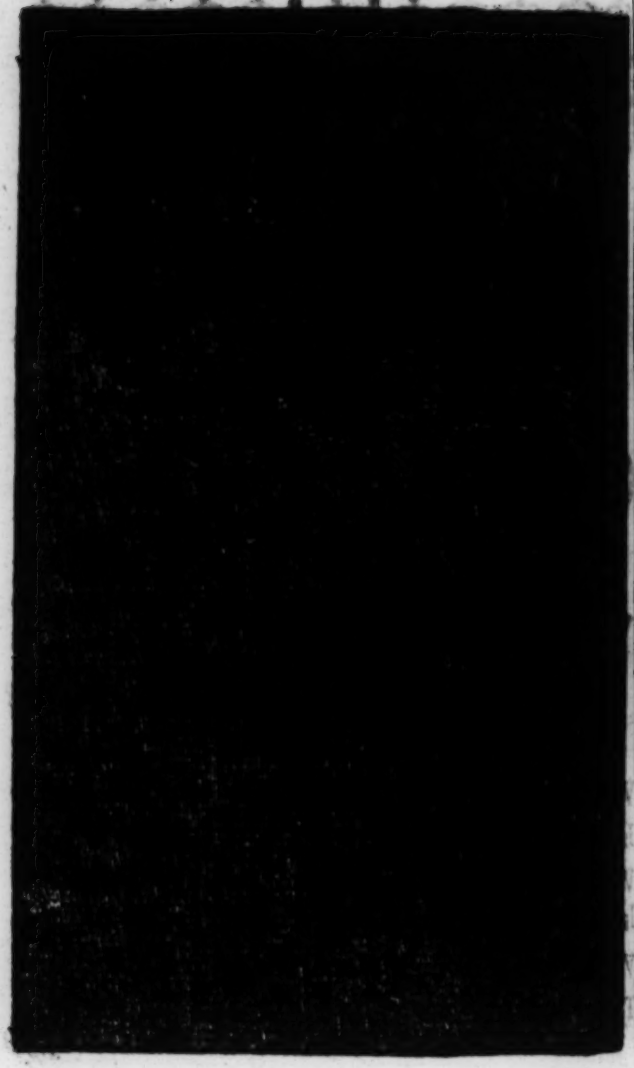
AN ELEGY UPON

That never to be forgotten

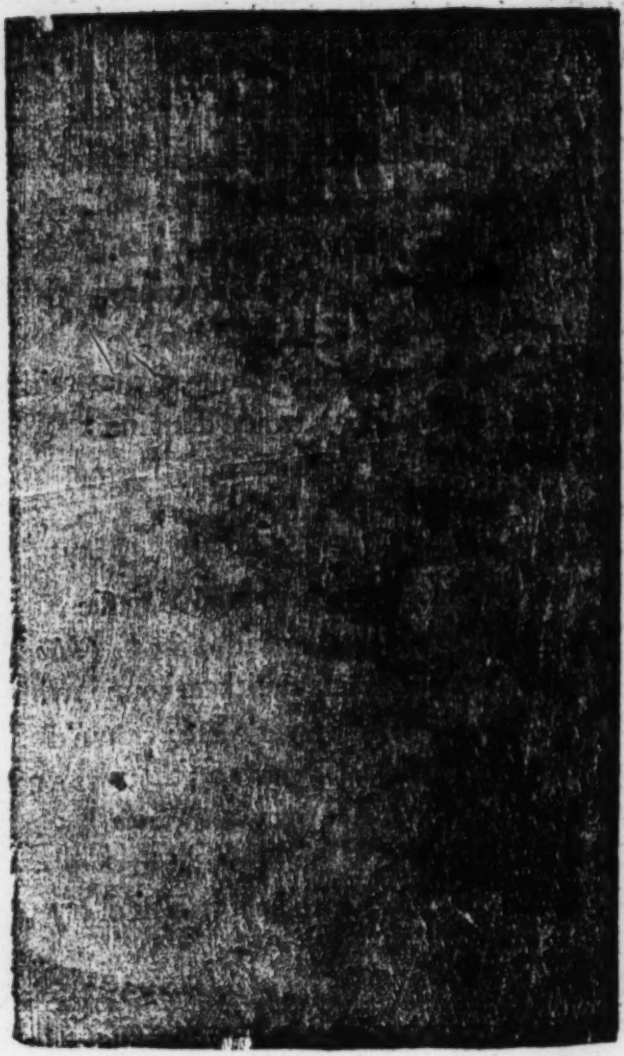
CHARLES, THE FIRST;

WHat; doe I dream, or does my *fancy* ſcatter
Into my various *minde* a reall matter.
What ayls my *thoughts*? what uncorrected *paſſion*
Is this, that puts my *Senſes* out of faſhion?
Where am I hurried? what ſanguinious *place*
Is this I breath in, garniſh'd with *diſgrace*;
Why; what's the reaſon that my *eyes* behold
Theſe waves of *blood*? does the *Red Sea* inſold

M

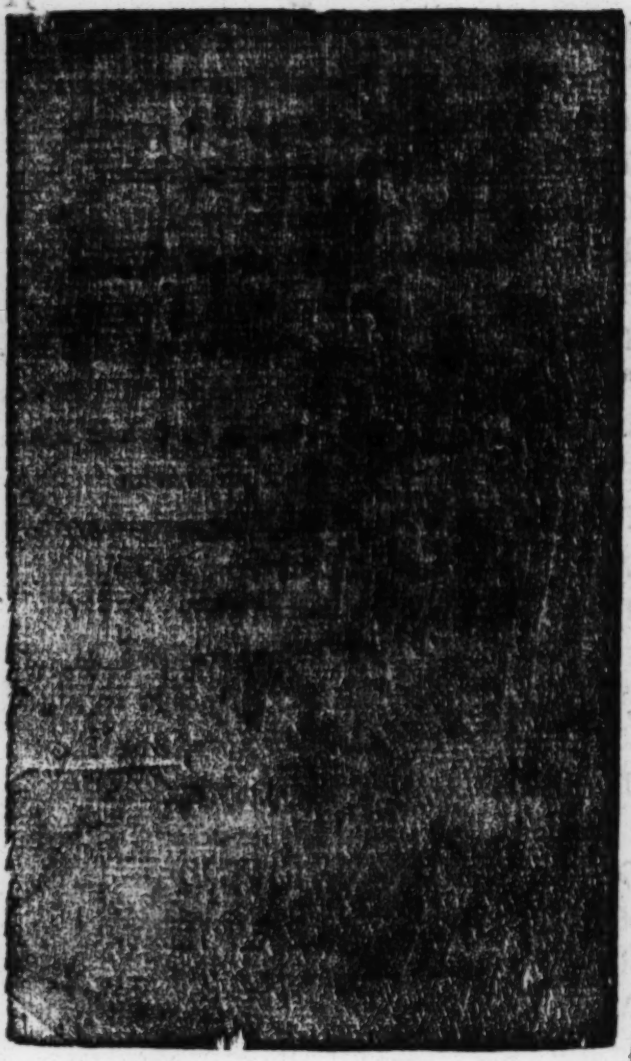


My ſhivering *body*, oh what ſtormy weather
Was that, which violently toſt me hither;
Where am I now? what rubicundious *light*
Is this? that bloodyes my amazed ſight?
What *Reformation's* this that's newly bred,
And turnes my *white*, into ſo deep a *Red*.
Awake my *fancy*, come, delude no more,
Say; are my *feet* upon the *Engliſh ſhore*?
Sure not; theſe are uſurping thoughts that raine
Within the Kingdom of a troubl'd braine:
If this be *England*, oh what alteration
Is lately bred within ſo bleſt a *Nation*;
My ſoul is now aſſured; for I ſee
Thoſe lofty Structures where mild Majeſtie
Did once recide; abounding with a *flood* (*blood*,
That ſwells (& almoſt moates them round) with
England, ſad object, that wer't lately crown'd
with a moſt glorious *prince*; how art thou drownd
In Royall *blood*? was not thy *maſter-veine*
Open'd of late; ah, who can ſtop't againe?
Look round about thee, and thou ſhalt diſcry
How every *face* imports an *Elegy*.
Review thy ſelf, ſee how thou art ingrain'd
With guiltleſſe *blood*? was ever *Land* ſo ſtain'd?

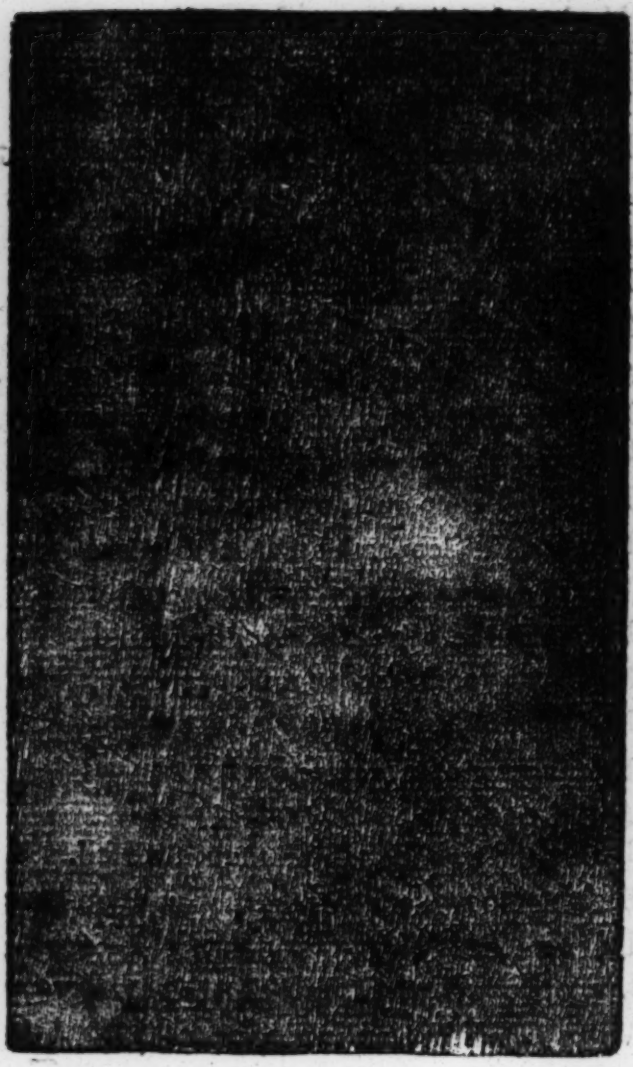


Needs muſt your hearts expect a cloudy *night*
Now *Sol* is ſet, and *Cynthia* wants her light:
And doſt thou thinke, *O England*, to immure
Thy ſelf in *blood*, and alwayes reſt ſecure?
Oh no, aſſure thy ſelf, there is a hand
That rules *above*, which will correct thy *land*:
Be well adviſ'd, oh Nation; learn to know
That *language* cannot ebb, when blood ſhal flow,
All *hearts* all *eyes*, all *hands*, all *tongues*, all *Quills*
Will *think*, will *weep*, will *write*, & *ſpeak* their *wills*,
I'le not invoke; this Subject will invite
Th'obdureſt hearts, and teach that pen to write
Which never fram'd a Letter, and infuſe
The ſeed of Life, into a barren *Muſe*:
Thou Great *Inſtructer*, teach me to diſtill
An *Eagles* Vertues, with an *Eagles* quill:
Rais'd by a *fall*, my *Muſe* begins to ſing
The melancholly farewells of a *King*.

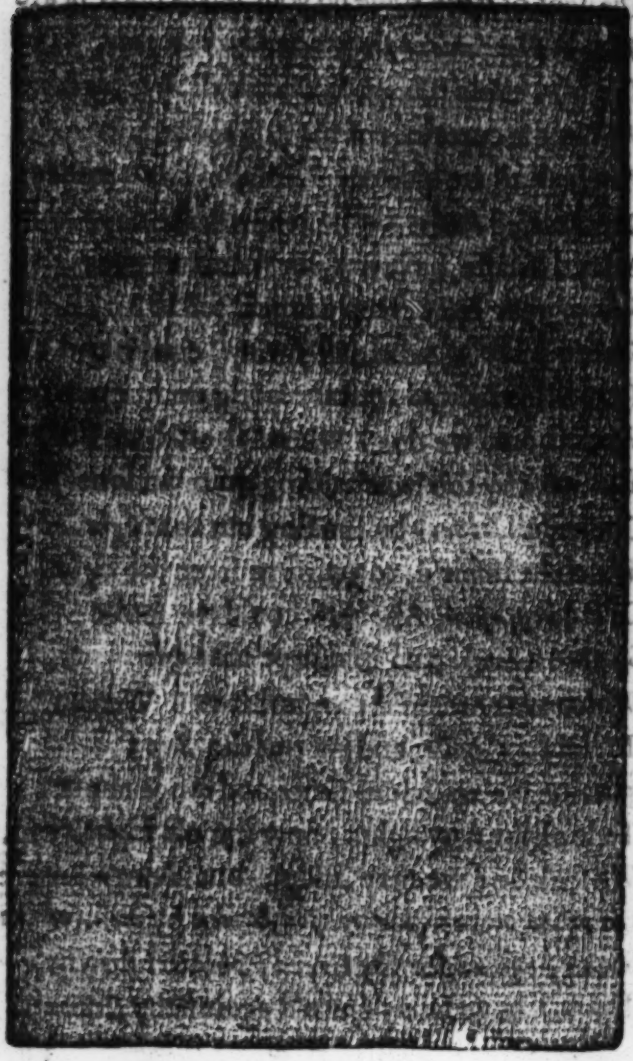
And is he gone! did not the dolefull *Bells*
Deſolve, when as they told his ſad *Farwells*.
If he be gone? what language can there be
Remaining in this *land*, except, *Ah me*.
Ah me, Ah laſſe, how is this *realme* unbleſt
In ſuch a loſſe?—I cannot ſpeak the reſt:



My *heart* is full of *arrowes* ſhott of late
From the ſtiffe *Bowe* of a commanding *State.*
Each wound is *mortall*, yet in ſpight of *paine*;
I'le pull them out, and ſhoot them back againe;
And when my *tongue* ſhall empty out my *heart*,
Let *death* ſurprize me with a ſingle *dart*,
I'le ſtrive t'out-face *Rebellion*; and my eyes
Shall ſcorne all new-invented *Tyrannies*;
Sorrow will not be tongue-tyd, *tydes* muſt run
Their uſuall *courſes*, till their ſtrength is done,
I have a ſtreame of *grief* within my breſt,
That tumbles up, and down, and cannot reſt,
I am reſolv'd (let death diſwade) to ſpeake
What *Reaſon* dictates, or my *heart* muſt break,
I'le mount the *ſtage*, let *ſtanders* by behold
My *actions*, for my *ſorrows* muſt be bold,
I feare not *thoſe*, whoſe *powers* may controul
The language of my *tongue*, but not my *ſoul*;
Advance dejected *ſeuls*, hear *reaſon* call,
Let not the *truth* be paſſive, though we fall.
Bluſh not to owne thoſe *teares*, which you have ſpent
In *private*, for a *Publick* diſcontent;
Let not your *tongues* be Priſ'ners to your *lippes*
When *Iuſtice* calls, oh let not *fear* eccliſe



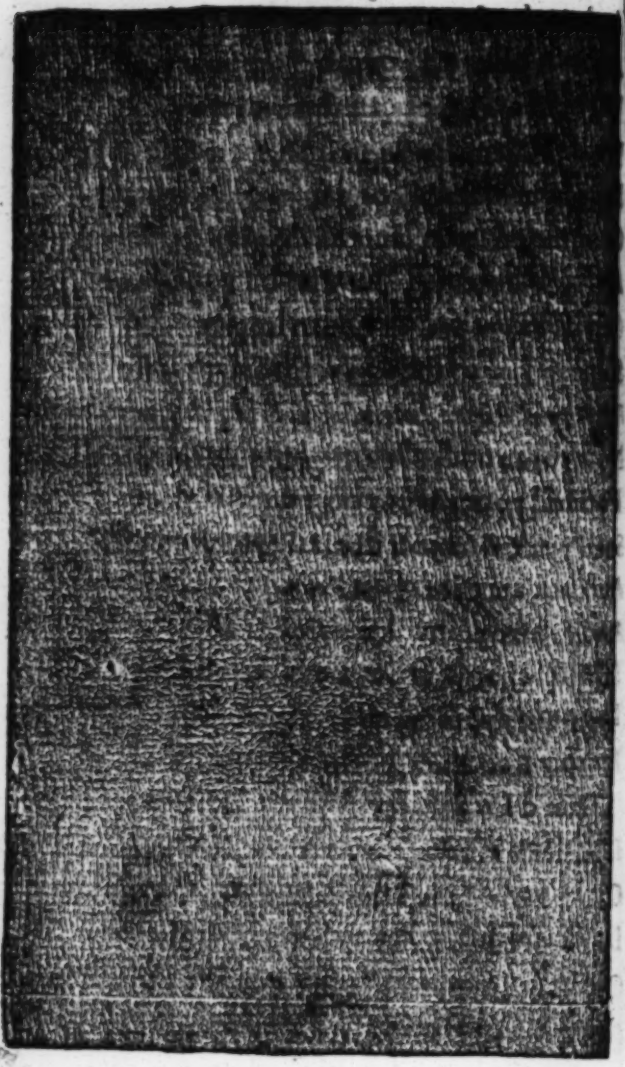
The light of *truth*, rouſe up your ſelves, draw neare
When Iuſtice findes a tongue, finde you an eare.
The *day's* expir'd, bright *Sol* hath drawn his head
Within the curtaines of his *Tethean* bed,
Where ſhall we hide our ſlumbring *ſoules*, and lay
Our wearied *limbes*, till he renewes the day?
A day! Alaſſe, have not our wretched eyes
Seen a great *fall*? can we expect a *Riſe*?
Should *Heav'n* (who juſtly may) command his (powres
T'expell his *light*, as we have lately *ours*,
What ſhould we doe? where ſhould we finde a ſun,
That have by too much doing, quite undone
Our wilfull *ſelves*? by ſnuffing out that *light*
Which he inſpir'd, to guard us from the *night*
Of ſad *confuſion*; Ah, how could we ſpoile
So pure a *lampe*, and ſo uſurpe that *oyle*
Which was ordain'd to nouriſh us? We run
To light a *Candle*, and put out the *Sun*;
In vaine we waſte our times, and range about
To look for new lights, now the old Light's out,
We ſeek; and we may finde; but *heav'n* knows
Old lights were made by *God*, & *new* by *men*. (when
Shake *England*, for thy *Grand Vpholders* downe,
Thy *feet* have lately ſpurn'd againſt thy *Crowne*,



Thy *hands* are daub'd with *blood*, one *ruine* calls
An *other*, to t he others *funeralls*;
Deſtruction thunders, and the *earth* is fill'd
With doleful *ecchoes*; blood that hath been ſpill'd
By unjuſt *hands* (like Seas) begin to roare,
As if 'twould take revenge upon the *ſhore*:
The whiſtling *woods*, and their ſubjected *ſprings*
Sends forth Elegious *blaſts*, each corner rings
With unaccuſtom'd *ſounds*; All things expreſſe
(By their prognoſticating looks) unhappineſſe;
Deploring *Philomel* does now repeate
Contriſted *notes*, upon her *Thorny ſeate*;
She has forgot thoſe ſweet nocturnall *notes*
Which lately charm'd all *ſorrow*, now ſhe dotes
Upon her woefull, her prolixed *tones*,
And findes no *ſweetneſſe* in her *bitter* groanes:
The *Commons* of the *aire* conſpire to throw
Their *Soveraigne* downe, and will not fly ſo low
As formerly; but are reſolu'd to be
Oppugnant to the *Eagles Majeſty*.
How pregnant is Rebellion every where,
Not onely here on earth, but in the aire?
Can *thunder* roare, and not the lofty ſound
Be heard? can *Cedars* fall unto the ground,

And

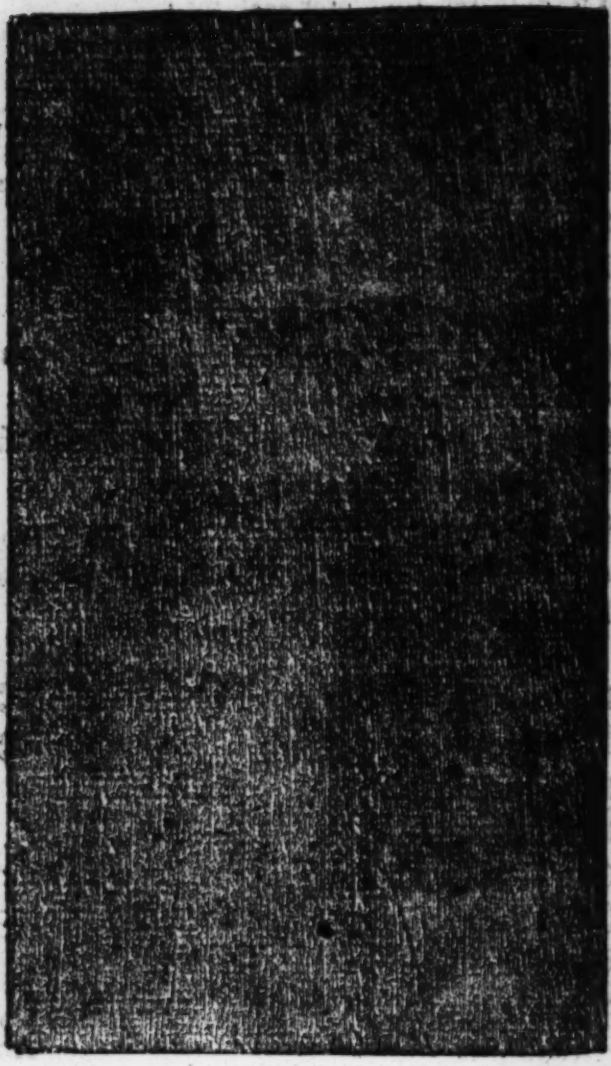
And not be ſeen? can *Mountaines* ſhrinke away
And not obſerv'd? or can there be a *day*
Without a *Sun*? or can there be a *night*
Without ſome *darkneſſe*? can there be a *light*
Put out unwanted? or can *murther* be
Committed upon ſacred *Majeſtie*,
And not lamented? ſure no humane *heart*
Can be ſo *brazen*, as not to impart
Some *ſorrow* to the *world*, for ſuch a loſſe,
When gold is gone, how uſeleſſe is the droſſe:
Now mournfull *Muſes*, light your *Torches* all,
T'attend your *glory* to his Funerall;
Shall your *Mecænas* dye, and you ſtand ſtill,
And not appeare upon *Parnaſſus hill*?
Away, away, invoke *Appollos* aide,
Tell him that your *Mecænas* was betray'd
To an unlawfull *death*, and you deſire
To ſacrifice a *verſe*; And then retire:
Could I tranſlate my *heart* into *a verſe*,
I'de pinne it with my *ſoul* upon his *herſe*.
Could I command the *world*, I'de make it burne
Like a pure *lampe* upon his ſacred *Vrne*:
Could I command all *eyes*, I'de have them make
(As a memoriall for Great *Charles* his ſake)



A *ſea* of teares, that after *ages*, may
Lament to ſee, but not lament to ſay
He dy'd without a *teare*; and it ſhould be
Call'd the ſalt *Sea* of flowing *Loyaltie* : (ſpend
Could I command all *hearts*, I'de make them
Some drops of *blood* upon his *tombe*, and ſend
Millions of *ſighes* to Heav'n, that may expreſſe
His death was *Englands* great unhappineſſe ;
Could I command all *tongues*, I'd make them run
Deviſion on his *praiſe*, till *time* were done ;
Could I command all *hands*, I'de ſtrike them dead
Becauſe they ſhould not riſe againſt their *head*.
Could I command all *feet*, I'de make them goe
And give the *Son* that duty which they owe
To His deſerts——

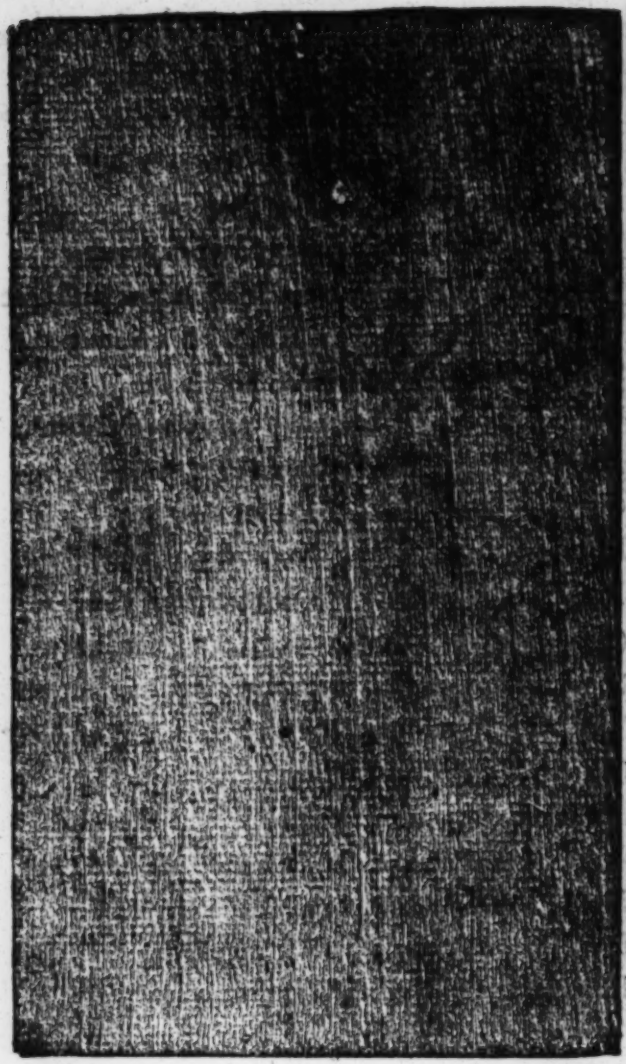
I'm in a *deſert*, and I know not where (faire,
To guide my ſteps, that path which ſeems moſt
Proves moſt pernicious to me, and will lend
My feet a good *beginning*, but no *end*.
Great *Charles*, oh happy word, but what's the
(Bad's th'application of ſo good a *Text*) (next
Is dead; moſt killing word; what is he dead ?
Nay more (if more may be) hee's murthered ;

All



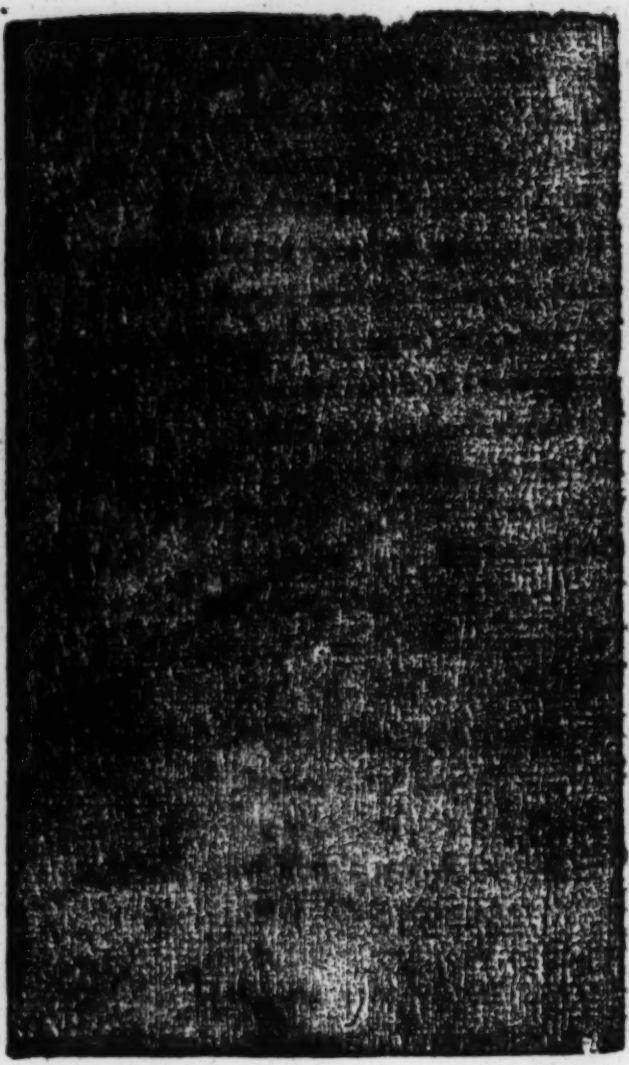
Ah then my thoughts are murther'd; my ſad eyes
Shall never ceaſe to weep his Obſequies:
I'le turne this *place* into a bubbl'ing *ſpring*
Of briny *teares*; and then I'le freely bring
A Sacrifice to *ſorrow*, which ſhall be
A flaming *heart* that's crown'd with *Loyaltie*:
Now could I ſpend an age in thoughts, and tyre
The night with *ſighes*, methinks I could inſpire
Sorrow it ſelf, and teach it to proclaime
What ruine waites upon our new-bred *flame*:
But 'tis in vaine, perſwaſions have no powre
On them, whoſe *reſolutions* can devoure
Both *Law* and *Reaſon*, two moſt horrid *Crimes*
In theſe pernicious, theſe contentious *Times*:
Come then my thoughts, and let us ruminate
Upon our *ſorrows*; oh unhappy *Fate*,
Why didſt thou ſnuffe out *Charles* his royall *blaze*
In the *Aurora* of his well-ſpent dayes?
But 'tis in vaine to blame thee, for thy hand
Cannot refraine to ſtrike, if *God* command;
Heav'n ſaw he was too *good* to be enjoy'd
By us; but not too *good* to be deſtroy'd
For his owne *glory*; Let's rejoyce, we had
So good a *King*; but grieve, to thinke how bad

We

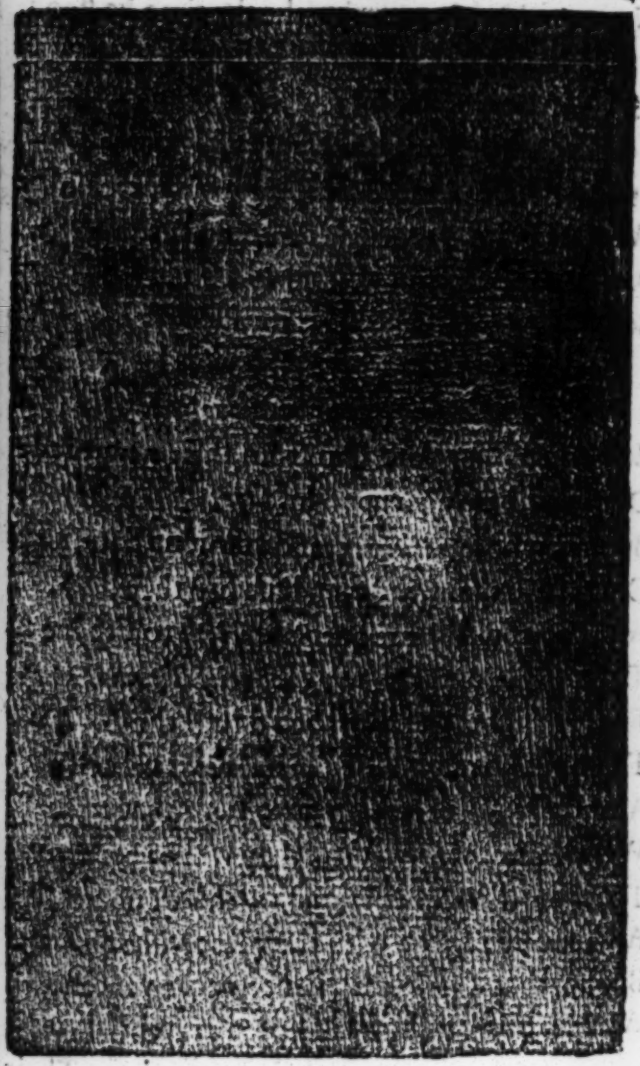


We us'd his *goodneſſe*; VVe may juſtly ſay,
He gave in *mercy*, what he took away
In *Iudgement*, for his owne commands appointed
We ſhould not *touch*, (much more ſlay) his *anoint-*
And yet we have, (as if our hearts had ſworn *ed*
To contradict his will) abus'd, and torn
His owne *Vicegerent*, to whoſe thriving *hand*
He gave the *Scepter* of a glorious *Land*:
But now (unhappy Land) thy glorie's fled,
Thy *Crowne* is fallen, and thy *Charles* is dead;
Goe then, deplore thy ſelf, whilſt others ſing
The living *vertues* of thy martyr'd *King*;
His glory ſhall ſurvive with *Fame*, when they
Shall lye forgotten in a heape of *Clay*
That were the *Authors* of his *death*, their bones
Shall turne to *aſhes*, as their hearts are *ſtones*:
But did my *tongue* expreſſe that they ſhould be
Forgot; oh no, their long liv'd *Tyrannie*
Shall be *perpetuall*; harke, misfortune ſings
The worſt of Tyrants, kill'd the beſt of Kings.
He was the beſt; what impious *tongue* ſhall dare
To contradict my language, or impare
His living *worth*, and they that goe about
To blaſt his *Fame*, oh may their *tongues* drop out.

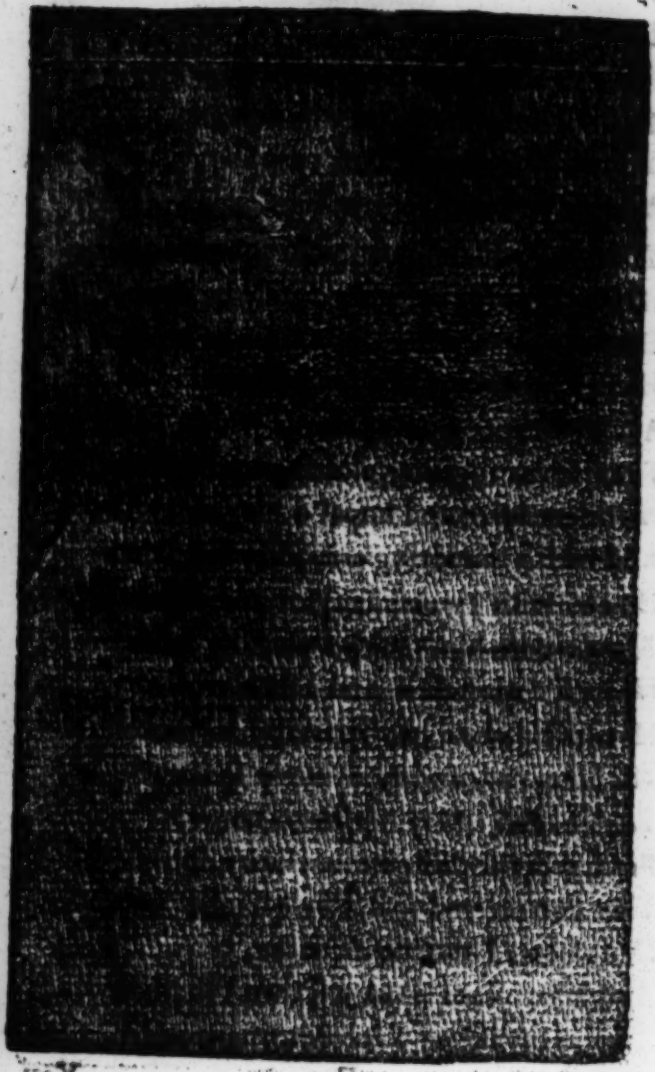
Pardon oh *Heav'n*, if paſſion make me breake
Into extreames, who can forbeare to ſpeake
In ſuch a lawfull *cauſe*? may we not claime
A Priviledge to ſpeak in *Charles* his name.
Is any timerous? then let them keep
Their language, and reſerve themſelves to weep:
Is any Joyfull? let them keep their mirth
To pleaſe the *Tyrants* of this groaning *earth*.
Is any *ſorry*? let them keep their *grief*
Till *heav'n* ſhall p'eaſe to ſend their ſouls *reliefe*;
Did ever *Iland* finde ſo great a *loſſe*?
Was ever *Nation* crownd with ſuch a *croſſe*?
Could ever *Kingdome* boaſt they had a *Prince*
That could be more *laborious* to convince
The *errours* of his *times*, or contradict
The dictates of his *rage*, or be more ſtrict
In his *Devotions*; ne're did *Prince* inherrit
So rich a *Crowne*, with ſo inrich'd *a ſpirit*.
He was the beſt of *conquerours*; he made
Conqueſts of *hearts*, although he was betray'd
By ſome inferiour *ſpirits*, which he found
Had lately ſtarted from the lowely *grownd*,
And were not worth a *conqueſt*; yet he gave
Them more *reſpects* then their *deſerts* could crave



None could *observe* during the the time he ſtood
Before his *Pilates*, that his royall *blood*
Mov'd into *fury*, but his *heart* was prone
To hear their *ſpeeches*, and retort his *owne*;
But when they found his *language* did increaſe
With *ſenſe*, he was deſir'd to hold his *peace*,
And ſome related that their *furies* bred,
Becauſe his *hatt* inclos'd his royall *head*.
Good God, what times are theſe, when ſubjects dare
Preſume to make their Soveraigne ſtand bare;
And when they ſent him from their new-made (*place*
Of *Iuſtice*, baſely *ſpit* upon his *face*,
But he, whoſe *patience* could admit no date,
Conquer'd their *envies*, and ſubdu'd their *hate*.
Ah who could blame our *Soveraigne* to decline
Their *wayes*, and ſay, *was ever grief like mine*?
Firſt when his *feet* approach'd into the *Hall*,
The ill-tun'd *tongues* of *ſycophants* would call
Aloud for *Iuſtice*, though they never knew
What *Iuſtice* was, yet ſtill they would renew
Their moſt *confounding*, and *diſcordious* noates,
And baul for *Iuſtice* with their ſluce-like *throat*;
But he, that *Lambe* of Patience, never vented
A word of *anger*, but with ſpeed prevented



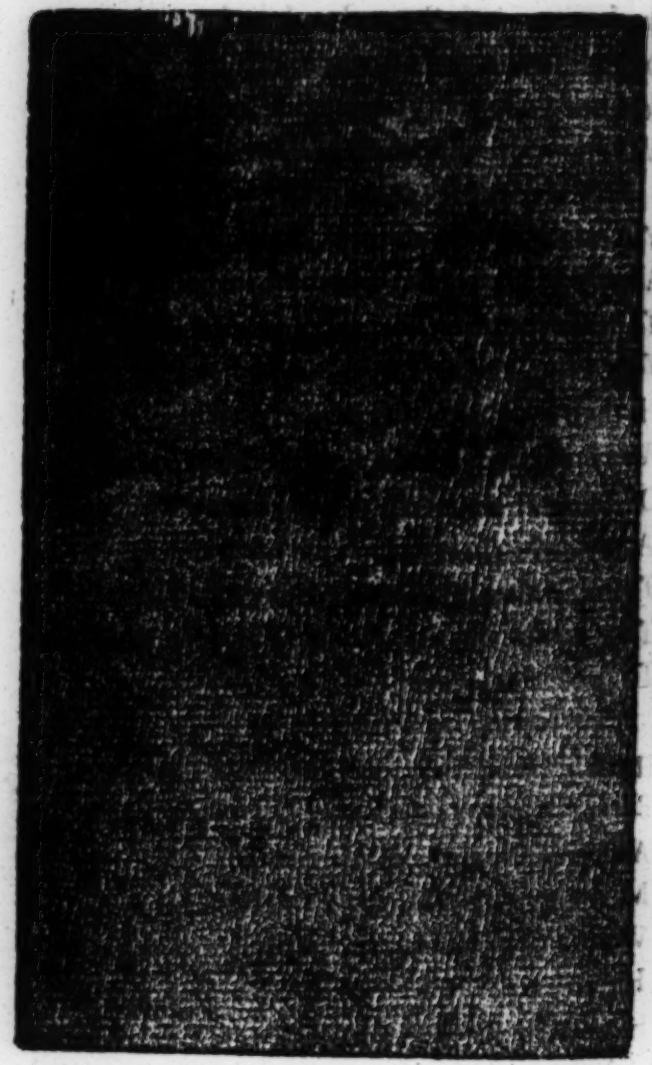
Their louder *cryes*, and with a pleasing *breath*
Reply'd; If *Justice* can be gain'd by *death*,
Ye shall not want it, only be content,
Ye may as soon endeavor to *repent*,
As now ye doe to spill my *blood*; advise,
Your *souls* will suffer for your forward *eryes*;
Having thus spoke, immediately he stept
Unto the *barre*, where for a time he kept
Himself in *silence*; like a *sun* he shin'd
Amongst those gloomy *clowds* which had com-bin'd
Themselves together, plotting to disgrace
His orient *luster*, and impal'd his *face*:
And with a thundring *voice*, they first salute
His *ears* with *Tyrant*, Traytor, and impute
Murder unto him: with a pleasing smile
He look'd upon *them*, and a little while
He made a *pause*; but by, and by, he broke
His silent *lipps*, and moderately spoke
To this *effect*: May *I* desire to know
From whence this great *authority* doth flow
That you pretend to act by? If it be
Derivative; I shall desire to see,
And know from *whom*; till then I shall deny
To give my *tongue* a *licence* to reply.



You are our *Pris'ner* Sir, you ought not to
Demand what your appointed *Iudges* doe,
For our *Authority* 'tis known at large
Unto our *selves*; pray answer to your *charge*,
Or else we shall proceed. I thought t'have seen
My *Lords* and *Peers* together, that had been
A means to make my fading *hopes* renew,
For most of *them* I know, but none of *you*.
As for my *Charge*, I owne it as a thing
Of small concernment, as I am a King
You cannot try me, what your new made *laws*
May doe, I know not, have a care, and pause
Before you act in *blood*, strive to convince
Your stubborn *hearts*, & know, I am your *Prince*;
Y'are but abortive *Iudges*, have a care,
Ye may be tangl'd in your own made *snare*;
Proceed; ye can but throw me to the *earth*,
They which *parturiate* needs must owne the *birth*,
God knows my *heart*; 'tis not my *life*, that I
Account of, but my Subjects *Liberty*,
That's all that I desire;——Sir, now we must
A little interrupt *you*, 'tis unjust
A *Prisoner* (as you are) should be allow'd
So great a *priviledge*; y'ave disavow'd

Our

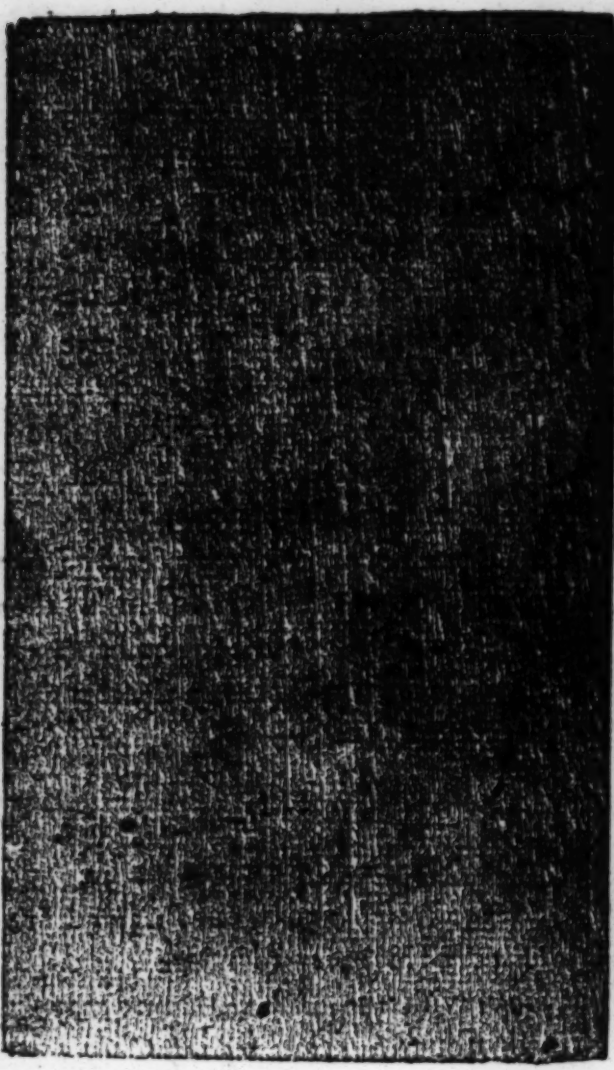
r known *Authority*, and make a ſport
f reall *Iuſtice*, and affront the Court;
d not your guilty heart with ſuch delay,
aſte no more time, for *Iuſtice* will not ſtay?
Pray give me leave to ſpeak, great *Charles* re-
ou ought not *Sir* to ſpeak, we're ſatisfy'd (ply'd
eady of your *guilt*, you muſt prepare
o heare your *Sentence*, and you muſt forbeare
our *vaine*, and weake *diſcourſes*: Is it ſo,
e then reply'd; that I am forc'd to goe
way unheard; Alaſſe, 'tis not the voice
f *death* can daunt my *breaſt*, ye may rejoyce
t my *deſtruction*; though *you* have no *eare*
o entertaine my *language*, heav'n will heare.
ake notice *peop'e*; that your *King's* deny'd
o ſpeake: *was ever Iuſtice rul'd by Pride?*
Thus having lay'd the *burthen* of their *ſpight*
pon his *head*, they ſent him from their ſight;
ut *he* (that was inſpir'd by *heav'n*) did ſhow
A *countenance* that did import their *woe*,
More then a *ſorrow* for his *death*, his face
Was dy'd with *honor*, theirs, with foul *diſgrace*,
His *patience* was their *paſſions*, and they found
His *minde* a *kingdom*, where his *heart* was crown'd
With



With constant *love*; oh that I could rehearse
His living *vertues*, with a living *verse*:
But now my *Pen* must leave *him* for a time,
And dwell upon the *mountaines* of that *crime*
Which *they* committed; Put a *King* to death!
Oh horrid *action*! what venomous *breath*
Pronounc'd that fatall *sentence*? may it live
To poyson *Scorpions*, and not dare to give
The least of sounds, to any humane *eare*.
Sure he was *deaf* himself, and could not heare
The cadence of his *language*; for the sound
Had been sufficient to inflict a *wound*
Within his marble *heart*; oh such a deed (*bleed*
Stabbs Kingdoms to the *hearts*, and makes them
Themselves to *death*; to loose so good a *King*,
By such base means, will prove a viperous *sting*
To this detested Land;——

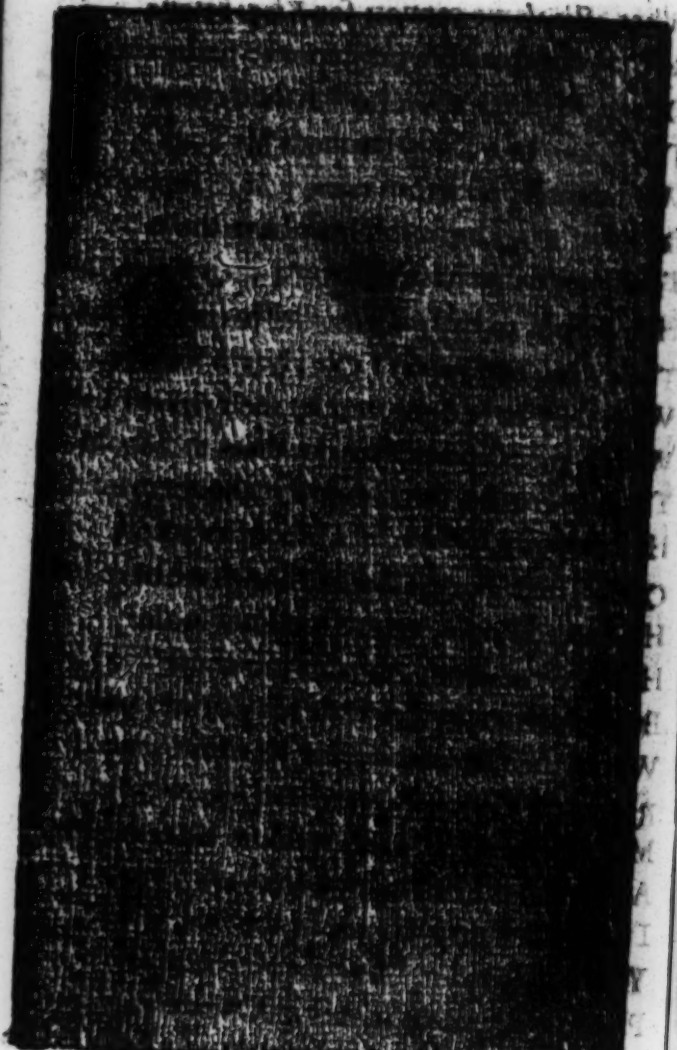
——If *Kings* transgresse,
And prove *Tyrannical*, we must addresse
Our selves to *Heav'n*, and by our *Prayers* desire
Th'assistance of his *mercy*, to inspire
Our *Soules* with true *obedience*, that we may
Strengthen our *selves*, and *passively* Obey

What

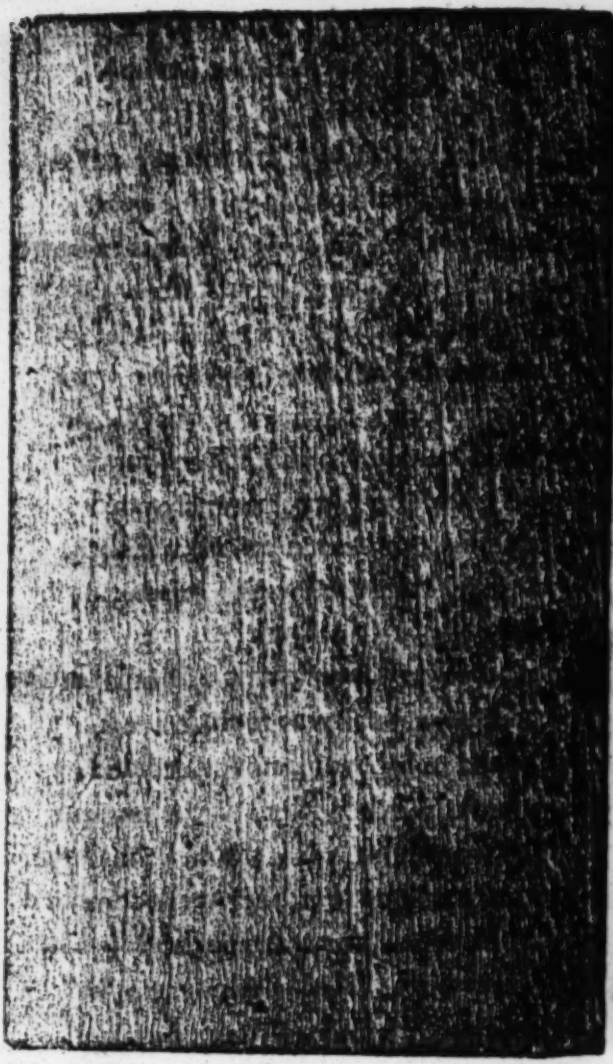


What *actively* we cannot; for *Kings* reigne
By *God*, we therefore ought not to maintaine
Our *rage* againſt *them*; he that ſhall controul
The *actions* of a King, burthens his Soul
With a moſt ponderous *crime*; If, to ſuppoſe
But *Ill* of *Kings* be ſin; oh how have thoſe
Tranſgreſs'd that have deſtroy'd their *King*, and
Him *ſubject*, to bad *ſubjects*, that betray'd (made
Their *Souls* to *Tyranny*: Oh Heav'n forgive
What they have done, and let their *ſorrows* live
Within their *Souls*; Oh make them to behold
Their *errors*; Let not *Conqueſt* make them bold.
Here ſtop my *Muſe*, let's labour to accoſt
Our former glory, *Charles*, though we have loſt
His Sacred *Perſon*, yet we muſt not looſe
His happy *memory*; Ah who can chuſe
But *ſigh*, when as they ſeate his glorious *name*
Within their *ſerious thoughts*: If ever *Fame*
Receiv'd a *Crown*; It was from *him*, whoſe *worth*
My wearied Quill's too weak to blazon forth;
And when the beſt of my *endeavor's* done,
I ſhall but light a *Candle* to the *Sun*,
Yet I will ſpend my *ſtrength*; a feeble *light*
Plac'd by a greater, makes it ſhine more *bright*:

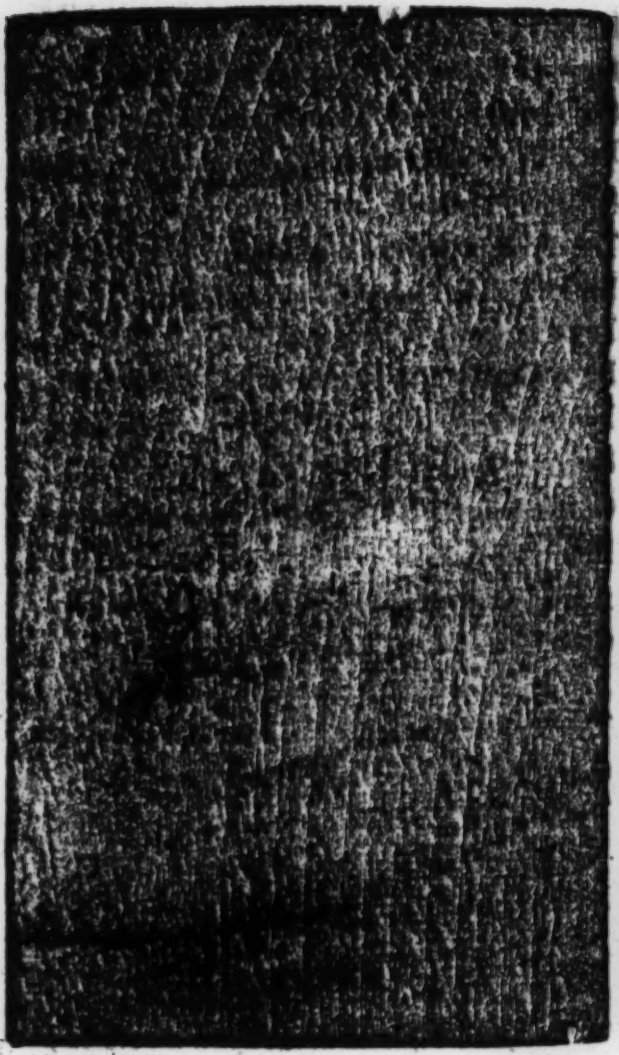
He



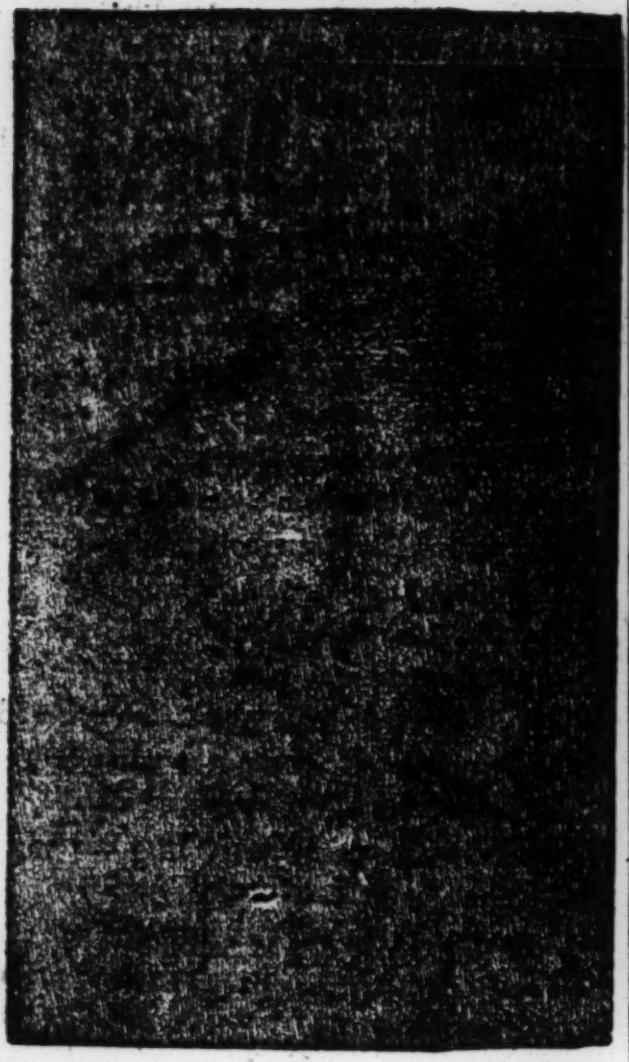
He was ('tis not unknown to all the *earth*)
A *Prince* by *vertue*, and a *Prince* by *birth*.
In the *exordium* of his *Reigne*, he ſway'd
The *Scepter* of this *Land*, (till time betray'd
Cupid to *Mars*) with a Majeſtique *brow*,
And made his cheerfull *ſubjects* hearts to bowe
In *honor*, and it could not be expreſt
Whether he rul'd *himſelf*, or *ſubjects* beſt;
He was a *Prince*, whoſe *life* and *converſation*
Impoveriſh'd *vices*, and inrich'd his *Nation*
With good *examples*, honor never found
So ſweet a *harbour*, vertue never crown'd
So rare a *heart*; *Love* reign'd within his *eye*,
And there was cloathed with *Divinitie*,
Vertue and *Majeſty* did ſeem to ſtrive
Within his Royall *breaſt*, which ſhould ſurvive
In greateſt *glory*, but 'twas ſoon decided,
Martha and *Mary*, would not be devided,
No more would they, there was a *ſimpathy*
Between them both, for if the *one* ſhould dye,
The other could not *live*, they were combin'd
Within his *breaſt*, and could not be *disjoyn'd*.
Oh happy is that Land, where Vertue *ſhall*
Meet Majeſty *within a* Princes *hall*.



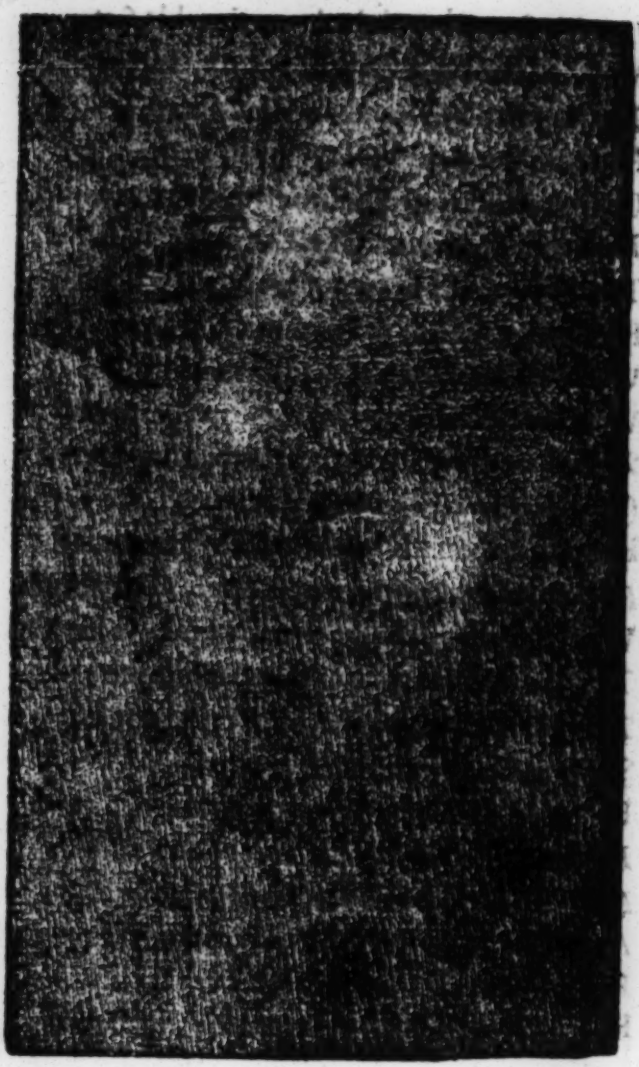
He was a *King*, not onely over *Land*,
But over *Paſſion*, for he could command
His Royall *ſelf*, and when approaching *trouble*
Aſſail'd his *minde*, his *wiſedome* would redouble
His preſent *patience*, and he would allow
The worſt of *ſorrows*, a contented *brow*;
His undevided *ſoul* was alwayes free
To propagate the *workes* of *Pietie*;
His heart was ſtill attracted to good *motions*,
By the true *Loadſtone* of his firme *devotions*.
He alwayes ſtudied how to recompence
Good *deeds* with full *rewards*: as for *offence*
He ſooner would *forgive* it, then impoſe
A *puniſhment*; his *meekneſſe* made his *foes*
Grow *ſupercillious*, and at laſt, they made
A private *ſnare*, and *zealouſly* betray'd
The *Lord* of Englands *life*, whoſe free conſent
Granted them a *trieniall Parliament*
To ſalve the *Kingdomes* grievances, but *they*
Took not the *grievances*, but *Him* away;
It could not be diſtinguiſh'd which did Reigne
Mars or *Apollo*, moſt within his *braine*:
He was a *Caeſar*, and the equall *fame*
Of *Warr*, and *Wiſdome* dwelt upon his *Name*;



As for his *Martiall* parts, *Edge-hill* will beare
An everlasting *record*, how his *care*
And *resolution* did maintain that *fight*,
Till *day* submitted to th'increaching *night*;
Although Heav'ns *Generall* was pleas'd to bring
Such small *conditions*, to so great a *King*;
We must not judge, that 'tis *successe*, that can
Procure the *title* of a Valiant *man*,
For that, will but instruct *him* how to fly
Upon the wings of *popularity*;
As for his *Theologick* parts I may
Without *presumption* absolutely say
He was a second *David*, and could raise
A lofty *straine* to sing his *Makers* praise;
Read but his *Meditations*, and you'le finde
His *breast* retain'd a heav'n-enamel'd *minde*:
Now *Reader*, close thine *eyes*, & doe not read
My following *lines*, except thy *heart* can bleed,
And thou not dye; ah heer's a mournfull *text*,
Imports *a death*, suppose what follows next,
And 'tis enough; oh that I could *ingrosse*
The *language* of the *world*, t'expresse this *losse*;
Break *hearts*, weep *eyes*, lament your *Soveraigns*
And let *him* swimme unto his *funerall* (fall,



Subjects teares; oh had you ſeen his *feet*
Mounted the *ſtage* of *blood*, and run to meet
The *fury* of his *foes*, and how his *breath*
Proclaim'd a *correſpondency* with *death*;
Oh then thy diving *heart* muſt needs have found
The depth of *ſorrow*, and receiv'd a wound
That *Time* could not recure, oh ſuch a ſight
Had been ſufficient to have made a *night*
Within this little *world*, hadſt thou but ſeen
What ſoul-defending *patience* ſtood between
Paſſion, and *him*: with what a pleaſing *grace*,
As if that Death had bluſh'd within his face)
He look'd upon his *people*, which ſurrounded
His mourning *Scaffold*, whilſt his *thoughts* abound-
With heav'nly *raptures*; his *Angellike* voice (ed
Taught *Joy* to weep and *ſorrow* to rejoyce;
Teare, blinded many, that they could not ſee
So *bloody*, ſo abhorr'd a *Tragedie*.
He look'd, as if he rather came to view
His *Subjects*, then to bid them all adue;
Feare had no *habitation* in his *breaſt*,
And what he *ſpoke*, was *reddily* expreſt;
Heav'ns ſacred *Orator* devinely tipp'd
His tongue with golden *languages*, and dipp'd

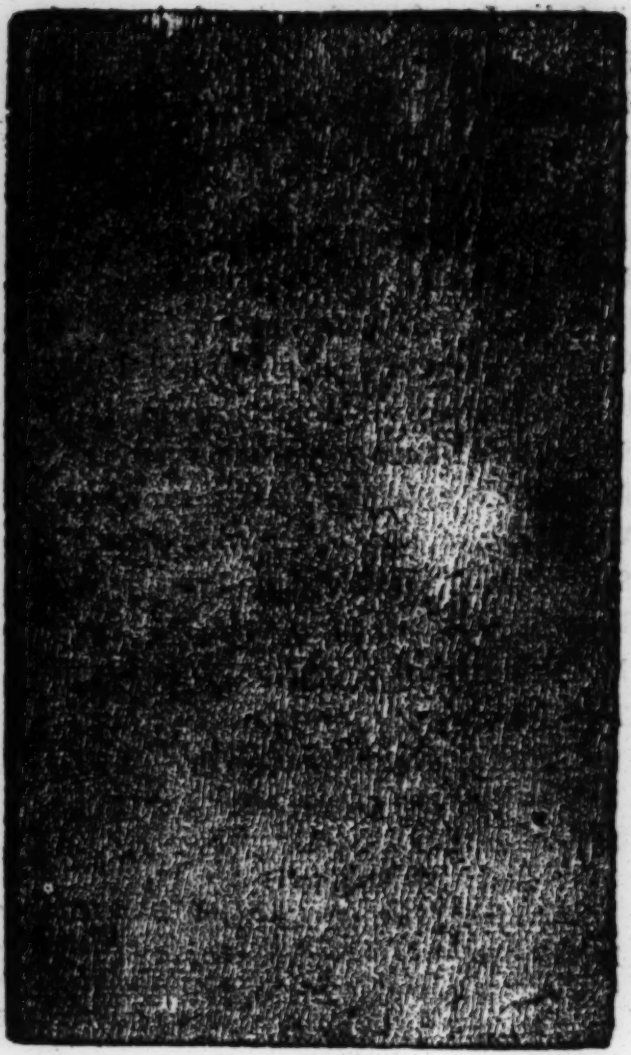


His *ſoul* in *Loves* ſweet *fountaine*, ſo that *all*
That *lov'd*, *admir'd*, and *griev'd* to ſee him *fall*;
Whilſt he (ſubmitting *Prince*) devoutly pray'd
That *heav'n* would pardon *thoſe* that had betray'd
His *body* to the *grave*; as from his ſoul
He had *forgave* them all, and did condole
Their ſad *conditions*; having ſpent his *breath*,
He yeelded (like a lambe) unto his *death*.
Much more he utter'd; but my burthen'd *Quill*
Recoyles, and will not proſecute my *will*;
My *Pen*, and *I*, muſt now abruptly part,
Pardon (*oh Reader*) for *love* bindes my *heart*
With *chaines* of *ſorrow*, let me *crave*, what I
Shall want in *language*, that thou wilt *ſupply*
In *Meditation*; but before I let
My *quill* deſert my *hand*, I'le make it *ſett*
This Tragi comick period to my ſtory,
Charles *liv'd in trouble, and he dy'd in glory*.

FINIS.

Habakkuck. *cap.* 1. *verſ.* 13.

Thou art of purer eyes (*Oh God*) *then to behold* evill, *and canſt not look on* iniquity: *Wherefore look-eſt thou upon them that deal* treacherouſly, *and hold-eſt thy tongue when the* wicked *devoureth the* man *that is more* righteous *then* they?



AN EPITAPH

Upon

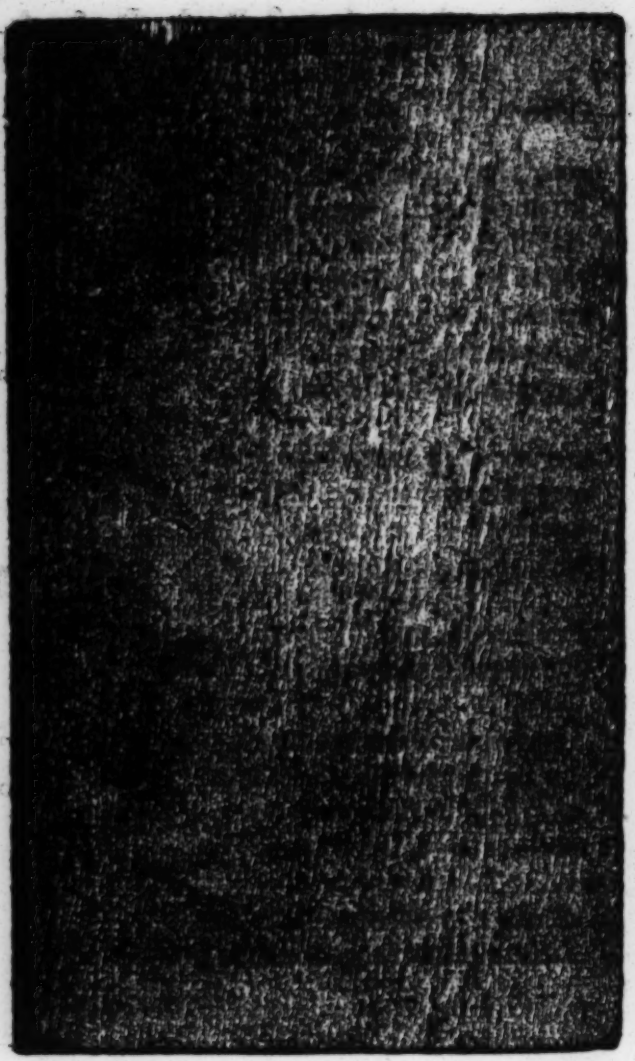
C aines', having kill'd their *Abel*, lay'd
H im underneath, whom they betray'd
A nd forc'd to *death* (Kinde Reader) know
R eligion was his *overthrow*.
L ament, lament, this *fatall* losse,
E ngland never had a *Crosse*
S o *great* as *this*; Let every *eye*

K eep *teares* to weep his *Elegie*.
I may presume to say, a *Tombe*
N ever had a richer *wombe*.
G oe not till your *sorrows* have

O ffer'd *teares* unto his *grave* ;
F aile not to spend some reall *groanes*,

E xcept your *hearts* are turn'd to *stones*.
N ow methinkes his *ashes* cryes
G uiltlesse blood's a *Sacrifice*,
L ondon lately lost her *heart*,
A nd is *sick* in every *part*,
N othing could appease but *blood*,
D eath took her *King*, and left a *flood*.

FINIS.



AN ELEGY

UPON

The Right Honorable, the Lord *CAPELL*, *Baron of* Hadham; *Who was beheaded at* Weſtminſter, *for maintaining the ancient and Fundamental Lawes of the* Kingdom *of* England.

March the 9. 1648.

Hen jacet, aut factis vivat ubiq; ſuis.

DIſturbe me not, my *thoughts* are mounting high,
To build a *Neſt* for *Capells* memory.
Fool that I am, I doe not meane, a *Neſt*,
No, nor a *Kingdome* neither, that's the leaſt
Of all my thoughts, It is a *world*, that ſhall
Be rul'd by *Capells eccho*; hollow all

Ye

Ye ſacred *Muſes*, and conſpire to bring
Materialls for this *worke*, and learne to ſing;
For ſhould ye weep, your *eyes* might undertake
To drown that *world*, which I intend to make.
Forbeare; your *teares* are uſeleſſe, you muſt now
Gaze upon *death* with an undaunted *brow*,
Capell has taught us how to entertaine
The palled looks of *Mars*, by him we gaine
The *art* of dying and from him we have
The *diffinition* of a Noble *grave*;
Rare *ſoul*, I ſay, thy ever active *Fame*
Shall build a *world* upon thy pregnant *name*,
And every Letter of thy *Name* ſhall raiſe
A ſpacious *kingdom*, where thy ample *praiſe*
Shall be recorded, every hearkning *eare*
Shall prove Ambitious, and admire to heare:
'Twill be a *glory*, when the world ſhall ſay
'Twas bravely done, his *Soveraigne* lead the way,
And he (as valiant Souldiers ought to doe)
March'd boldly after, and was alwayes true
To ſacred *Majeſty*; his Noble *breath*
Diſdain'd the fear of a *Tyrannick* death;
Death added *life* unto his *thoughts*, for he
Contemn'd a *life*, if bought, with *infamie*.

The

The very *birds* ſhall learne to prate, and ſing,
How *Capell* ſuffer'd for his Royall *King*.
Rouze then ye ſtupid *ſons* of *Morpheus*; Let
This ſhining *Sun* of Engliſh *valour* ſet
And riſe within your *horizons*, your *hearts*
I mean, and teach you how to ſing in parts
The *Anthems* of his *worth*; oh underſtand
That this was he, whoſe *death* hath fill'd the *land*
With living *ſorrow*; this was he, whoſe *glory*
Shall lend the *world* an everlaſting *ſtory*:
You luſt-obeying *Tarquins*, that permit
And tollerate your *pleaſures*, to commit
Adulterated *actions*, and command
England, our poor *Lucretia*, to ſtand
Subject to our libidinous *deſires*,
And cannot help her ſelf, heav'n grant your *fires*
May ſoon expire, that at the laſt we may
(Like *Tarquins*) ſee you baniſh'd quite away.
Say, will your hung'ry *appetites* receive
No ſatisfaction? have ye vow'd to leave
No noble *blood*? Alaſſe how can your meek
And tender *conſcience*, thus *roar*, and *ſeek*
Like greedy *Lyons*, ſcenting up, and downe
To finde your *prey* in every Royall *Towne*.

Where

Where is that *zeal* which was in former *times*
A golden *pretext*, to your drossy *crimes*?
Doe ye not think of *heav'n*? have ye forgot
There is a *God*? or will ye owne him not;
Where is *Religion* (your upholder) fled?
What? is that *murther'd* too; or have ye spread
A vaile upon *her*, that she may not be
Observ'd, or own'd, but in *necessitie*,
Has not *Religion* all this while maintain'd
Your unjust *cause*? what money's ye have gain'd
Was for *Religions* sake, which still supply'd
Your *wants*, but now ye're *full*, that's lay'd aside;

Vnhappy is that land, whose People braggs,
That they have put Religion up in baggs.

Money preceds *Religion* now; but stay
Precipitating *quill*, I've lost my *way*,
Nay, and my *subject* too, how came my *minde*
Thus much to deviate; oh where shall I finde
My former *subject*? shall my *thoughts* abject
His *memory*, and own him with Neglect:
No, no, they shall not, come my *Muse*, repose
Let's thinke upon our *Friend*, and let our *foes*
Remember us, *Capell*, thy *worth* shall fill
The black-mouth'd *concave* of my mourning *quil*.

He

He was a *Pompie*, but receiv'd his harme
From *Tyrants*, not from *Cæsars* nobie arme,
He had an *Army* in his minde, could call
Vertue to be their bold-fac'd *Generall*;
He had no *Pride*, no *faction* to create
Or nurse *division* in his peaceſull *ſtate*;
He had a *Court* of *Iuſtice* in his *breaſt*,
But not to *tyrannize*, or make inqueſt
After the *ſins* of *Loyalty*, or bring
Illegall *Iudgements*, to their legall *King*;
He had a *heart*, that never us'd to hide
The heate of *envie*, or the flames of *Pride*;
He had a *Conſcience* never us'd t'exact
Upon a *widdowed* Kingdome, or extract
The *treaſures* of a *Nation*, to defray
His owne *deſires*, he never us'd to play
The *Devill* in the *habit* of a *Saint*,
Or teach his *Agitators* how to paint
A *vice* with pleaſing *colours*, or prepare
His ready *eyes* to ſhed a *zealous* teare
With a falſe *heart*, he never ſtriv'd to pleaſe,
And turne the *peoples* hearts with *Peters Keyes*;
And to conclude, he never would deſire
Other mens *fuells* to maintaine his *fire*;

Now *Reader*, thou haſt heard he had a *minde*
Not *morgag'd* unto *baſeneſſe*, but inclin'd
To honorable *actions*; It was he
That was the *Embleme* of true *Charitie*,
Yet ſome unworthy *Spirits* have expreſt
He was a *ſon* of *Rome*, becauſe his breaſt
Was fill'd with *pitty*, and would ſtill relieve
The *Poore*, whoſe wants, inſtructed him to *grieve*.
Falſe are thoſe baſe *reports*, he was a man
Alwayes reputed a great *Puritan*,
And not a *Papiſt*, and he had a care
To have that *hated* Book of *Common Prayre*
Read to his *Family*, himſelf would joyne
His aide to any thing that was *Devine*;
The *church* did ſeldome faile to entertaine
His Noble *ſelf*, and his domeſtique *traine*,
Untill this bleſſed *Reformation* ſpread
It ſelf abroad, and ſtruck *Religion* dead;
And then indeed his *Conſcience* would refuſe
To let him heare ſome *Rabſhekah* abuſe
His Gods *Annointed*, and his reall *heart*
Could not endure to hear *time-ſervers* dart
Arrowes of *envy* at his *King*, and raile
Againſt his *Conſort*, lab'ring to intaile

Diſgrace

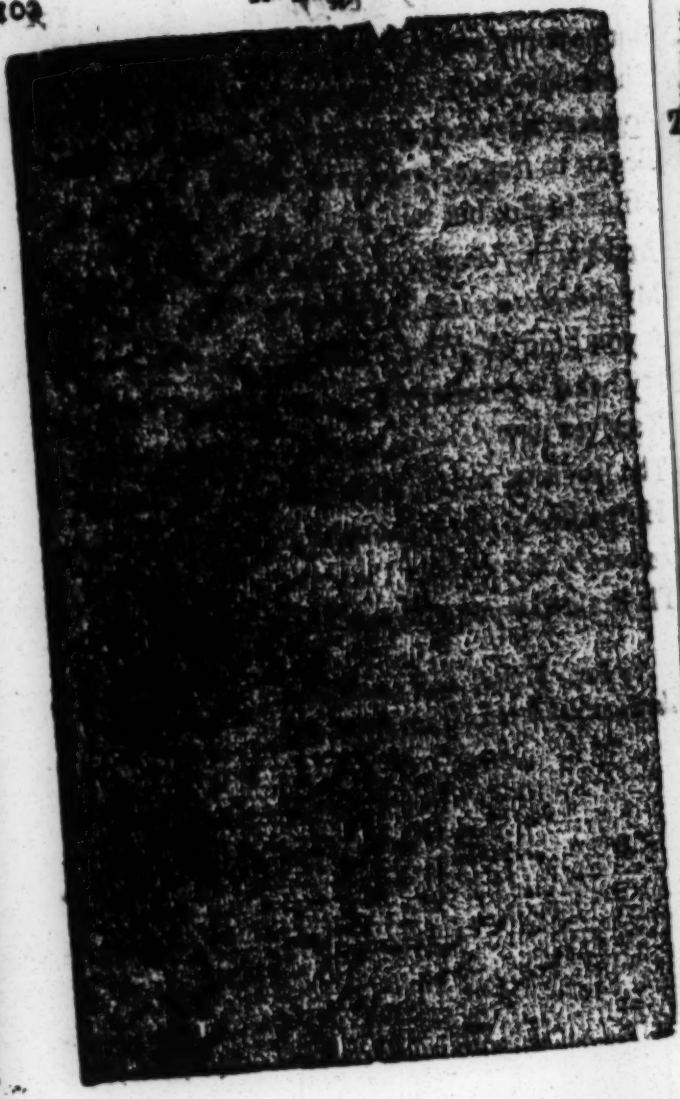
Disgrace upon their *names*, and fill the earth
With heapes of *wrongs*, and rebellious *mirth*;
These things his *heart* abhorr'd, he could not hear
His *King* abused with a patient *eare*:
He was the *soul* of *Loyalty*, his minde
Was alwayes *active*, for he still inclin'd
His *thoughts* to *goodnesse*, striving how to bring
Peace to his *Country*, *honor* to his *King*;
He was a *man* that alwayes us'd to fly
Upon the wings of true *solidity*;
He was *compleat*, and *rich* in every part,
His *tongue* was never *traytor* to his *heart*;
But now, ah now (I shall make Death too proud
To speake it) he hath lately left this clowd,
This *world* of *envy*, and is gon t' inherit
Those *joyes* which wait upon a Noble *Spirit*:
Now, now hee's gone to *heav'ns* sublimer *court*,
Where *Justice* lives, a place, where false *report*
Shall finde no *eare*; a place, where none shall *dy*,
For being *rich*, or *wise*; there *Loyalty*
Shall be respected; there, the weeping *eyes*
Of *Orphans* shall be pitied; there, the *cryes*
Of *Ladyes* pleading for their *Lords*, shall finde
A full respect; where *Vertue* is refinde,

There must be *happinesse*, oh thinke but where
It is, (kinde Reader) and brave *Capells* ther
There, there he *rests*, who stoutly trode the *stage*
Of *blood*, whose *life*, whose *death*, no *age*
Will ever *parallel*, his *courage* gave
A *life* to *death*, and *pleasure* to a *grave*
He had a pleasing *countenance*, his *face*
Did seem to *blush*, but 'twas for their *disgrace*,
And not his *guilt*, he never seem'd t' expresse
The least of *feare*, but hasted to addresse
Himself to *heav'n* and like a *stagge*, he bay'd
At his unsatiated *hounds*, and lay'd
His *life* before them, and contemn'd their *powre*
Because he knew, they onely could devoure
His little *world*; but for his *soul*, that went
Before a more conscientious *Parliament*,
Where now he *rests* in peacefulnesse, & doubles
His *pleasures*, whilst his *foes* survive in *troubles*.
There rest heroick *Capell*, and enjoy
Those rich *delights*, which time cannot destroy;
Rest *thou*, whilst those are *restlesse*, which deny'd
To let thee rest on *earth*, whose hearts are ty'd
In bloody *fetters*, which conglutinates
Their *souls*, and leades them to the worst of *fates*.

But

But now my *quill* growes weake, I muſt forſake
Theſe ſable *pathes*, I dare not undertake
So great a *journey*, for my feeble *pen*
Begins to ſtagger, *grief* can teach me when
I ſhall begin, but will not prove my *friend*,
And lead my *ſorrows* to a peaceſull *end*;
My *thoughts* encreaſe, this *ſubject* would infuſe
A youthfull *life*, into an ancient *Muſe*.
My heart's compos'd of *raptures*, and my *hand*
Receives new *ſtrength*; methinks I cou'd cómand
The ſpacious *world*, and teach it to expreſſe
His praiſe on *earth*, though not his happineſſe
In *heav'n*, where now I'le leave him, and retire;
I'le ceaſe to *write*, and practiſe to *admire*.

Ye have killed, and condemned the Juſt, and he doth not reſiſt you. Jam. 5. 6.



An EPITAPH,

Upon

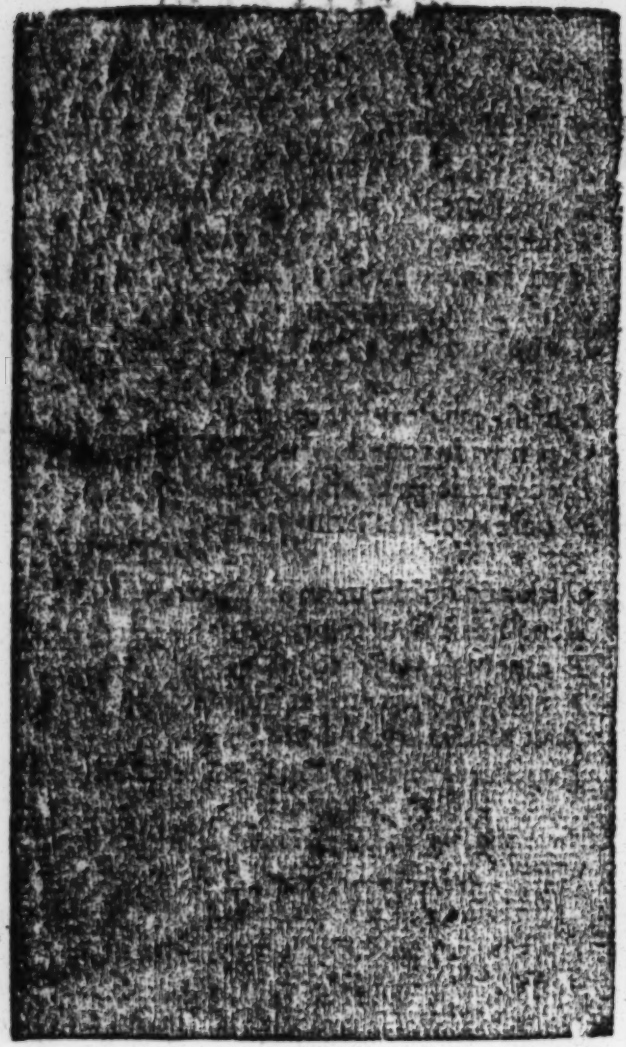
The Right Honorable,

A towre is fallen, and it lyes
R epreſented to thy *eyes*:
T herefore, *Reader*, if thy *breath*
H ad an *intereſt* in his *death*,
U nfix thy *thoughts*, and poſt away,
R *eaſon* forbids a *Tyrants* ſtay:

L aviſh out your hearty *eyes*,
O pen wide your flowing *eyes*,
R ecord his *worth*, and let all *hearts*
D oate upon his living *parts*:

C an any thinke upon his *Name*,
A nd not labour to proclaime
P erpetuall *praiſes* to his *worth*,
E ngaging *hearts* to ſet him forth:
L et all *men* ſay, and not *repent*,
L o, here lyes *Murthers* Complement.

Dignum laude virum muſa vetat
mori.——



A CURSE,

AGAINST

The Enemies of PEACE.

PEace, peace Rebellious *Vipers*; you that cry,
Advance *Mechannicks*, downe with *Majestie.*
Ceaſe your vaine *wiſhes*, may ye never reſt
That love no *Peace*; nay, may ye ne're be *bleſt*
That envie *Sion*; ah! ſhall *Sions* glory
Be thus abſtracted, and thus made a *ſtory*
To after *ages*? hath your hungry *zeale*
Devoured all your *ſenſes* at one *meale*?

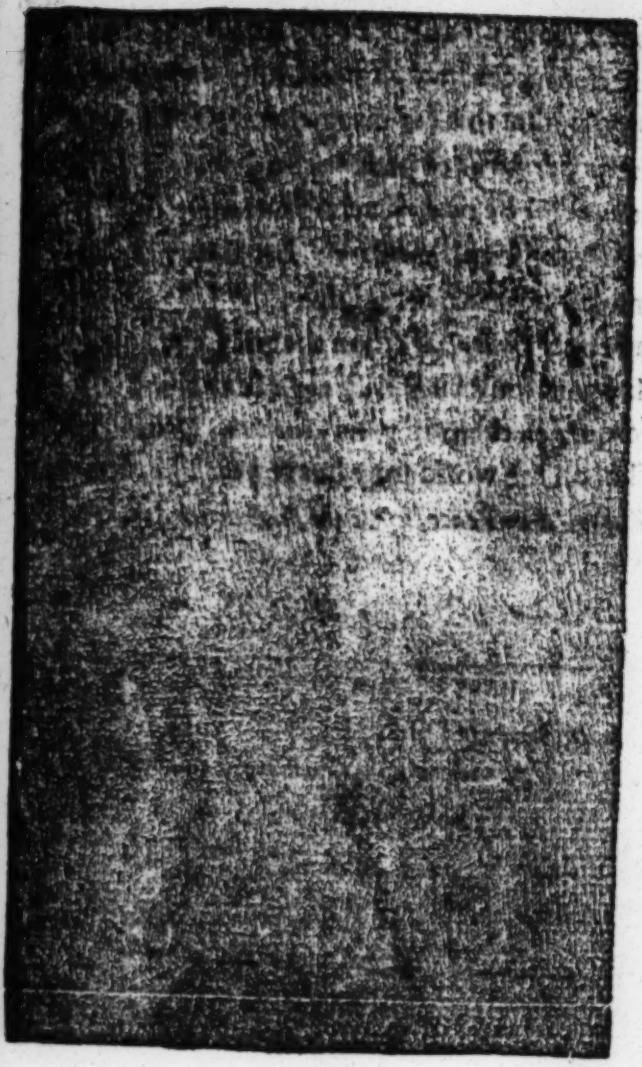
What

What doe ye meane? doe ye intend to try
A Reformation with *Phlebotomy*?
Or has your hell-bred *thoughts* found out a way
To turne a *Canaan*, to a *Golgotha*?
Hath the Tartarian *Counſellour* invented
Such thriving *plotts*, that cannot be prevented,
Leave off baſe acts *Mechannicks*, and begin
To deal *uprightly*, and *reforme* within:
Bury your aged *crimes*, and then goe call
Your ſtragling *ſenſes* to the *funeral*:
Thus I adviſe you, if this will not doe,
Aſſure your *ſelves* I'le learne to *curſe* ye too.
May *heav'n*, whoſe frowning *countenance* doth
An *angry* reſolution, overthrow (ſhow
You, and your *prick-ear'd Progeny*, and make
Your *children* ſuffer, for their *parents* ſake;
May ye all *begge*, and wander *up* and *downe*
Like *vagabonds*, be laſh'd from *Towne* to *Towne*;
And may the *Loadſtones* of your *crimes* attract
Ten thouſand *plagues*, and may thoſe *plagues* ex-
Upon your laviſh *ſouls*, let impious *Fate* (act
Bluſh, if ſhe chance to make you *fortunate*.
May *torments* purſue *torments*, and ſtill grow
Till *Rithmatick* be non-pluſt, and o'rethrow

Your

Your Treaſon-loaded *hearts*; And if this *Curſe*
Will not ſucceed, may't yeeld unto a *worſe*
For you, that this declining *age* may ſee
The *juſt rewards* of your *impietie*.
Let *baſeneſſe* be *entayl'd* upon your *names*,
Too ſtrong for all *recovery*; Let *ſhames*
And laſting *infamies* remaine
In deeper *Characters* then that of *Cain*.
May your ſouls burn, till *heav'n* ſhall think it good
To quench them in your *generations* blood,
That all the world may heare you *hiſſe*, and *cry*
Who iov'd no Peace, in Peace ſhall never dye.

THE



THE AVTHORS FAREWELL To England.

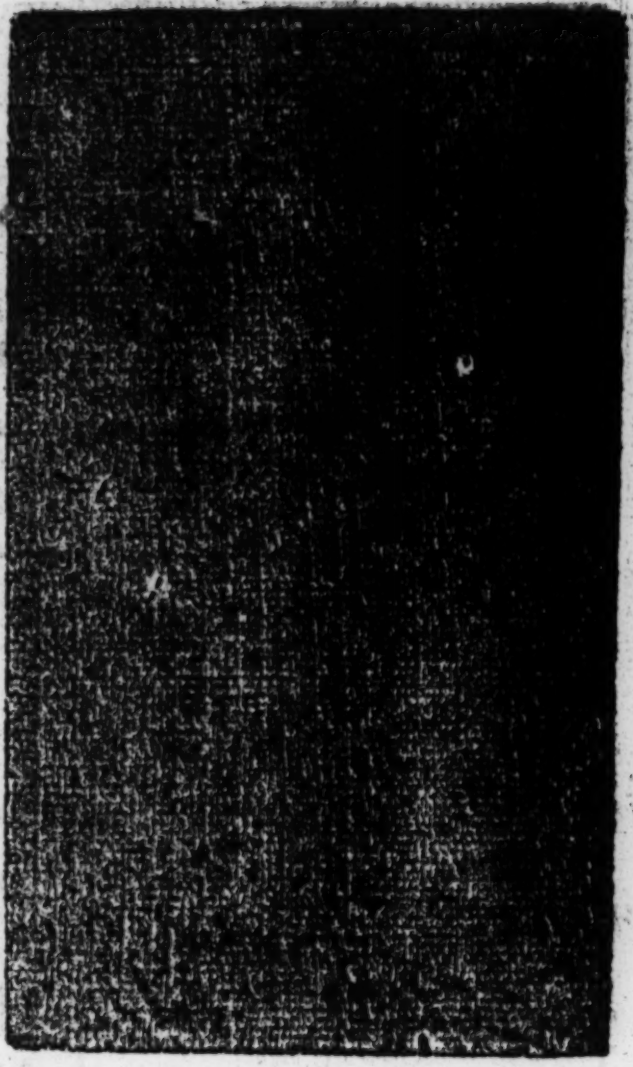
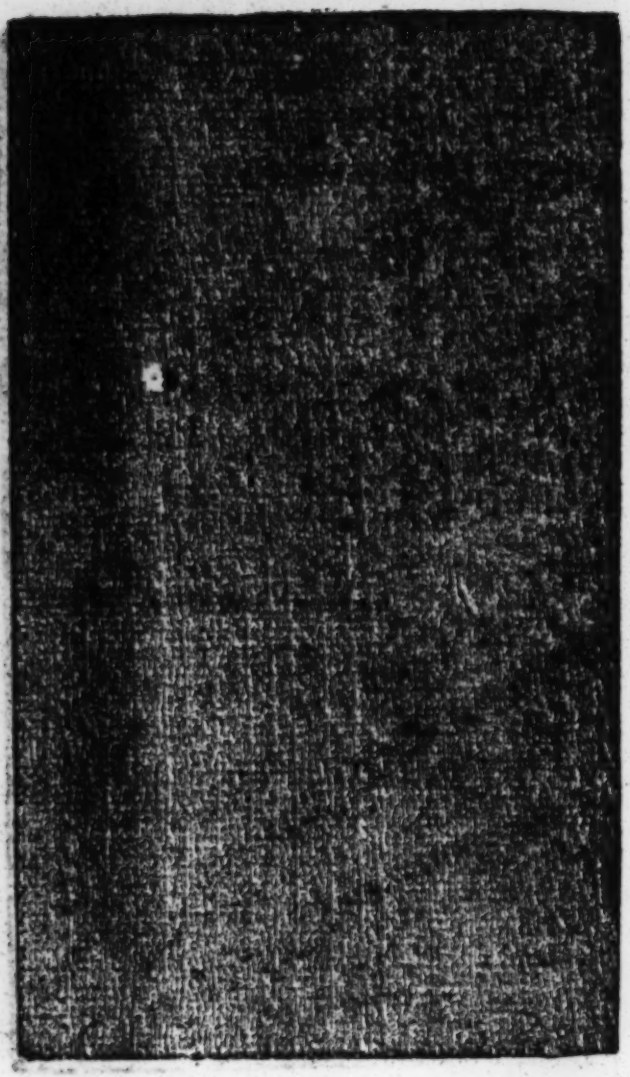
ENgland, farewell; th'affections that I beare
To thee, I cannot name without a *teare*;
I muſt be gon, my troubled *Conſcience* loathes
To ſtaine it's *welfare* with thy new-made *oathes*,
Heav'n knowes my *heart*, I truely hate *diſorders*,
And pitty them that live within thy *boarders*.
As for my ſelf; I cannot ſtoop ſo low,
To be ſubordinate to *them*, I know

Are

Are but *inferiors*, though they have of late
Converted *Monarchy* into a *State*;
Though *Iehov'a* conceales his *anger* for a time,
Giving them leave to doate upon a *crime*;
A *day* will come to plague their *soules*, and then
They'le prove but *devills*, in the shapes of *men*.
And so *farewell*, poor *England*, quite farewell,
Where Furyes reigne, there needs must be a Hell.

Anglia, jam quantum, quantum mutata vetustas,
Nunc caput es sceleris, qui capiti orbis eras.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Pag. 17. line 9. for *want*, read *worst*, p. 33. l. 14. for *pardon*, r. *punishing*, p. 20. l. 7. leave out *hearts*, p. 20. l. 18. for *regret*, r. *regrest*, p. 26. l. 17. for *languish*, r. *lavish*, p. 41. l. 3. for *languish*, r. *lavish*, p. 42. l. 10. for *unfountain'd*, r. *Infountain'd*, p. 93. l. 9. r. *vivit* for *vivat*. p. 94. l. 8. for *Mars* r. *Mors*. p. 95. l. 15. for *our* r. *your*.